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GPU NEWS

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IN THIS ISSUE

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 5

NEWS 4
FEEDBACK 8
EDITORIAL 9
ARTICLE: A Fresh Perspective on Greek Homosexuality by Donna Martin 11
ARTICLE: "Gay Rights for straights, too! by Don Slater 15
REVIEW: Emergence, a Transexual autobiography, Reviewed by Sheila Sullivan 17
ARTICLE: Reading Writing by Peter Pehrson 19
REVIEW: The Naked Civil Servant by Quentin Crisp Reviewed by Lee C. Rice 23
POETRY: by Randy Smallwood 26
FICTION: A Measure by June by S. Diane Bogus . . . 28
HERE AND THERE 33
REVIEW: Sex, Crime, and The Law by D.E.J. MacNamara & Edward Sagarin 39
REVIEW: The Anita Bryant Story by Anita Bryant . . 42
REVIEW: Bisexuality: A Study by Charlotte Wolff, Reviewed by Cathy Gardner 44
CALENDAR: Photo from Hey 47
DIRECTORY: 49
ADS BY THE INCH 50

Cover Photo by Mark Behar

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POLICE RAID BODY POLITIC

Toronto, Ontario—The Body Politic Canada's bimonthly gay liberation newspaper, published an investigative report on paedophilia in its December/January issue. The article, written by Gerald Hannon, was primarily the investigative report of a series of interviews with paedophiles in the Toronto area. In a disclaimer, the editors noted that they "do not encourage and never have encouraged the seduction or molestation of children", but insisted on the right of the paper to publish results of investigations.

Canada's **Toronto Star** published a series of editorials in December attacking **The Body Politic** for its "depravity" and calling for police action against the paper. On Friday night, December 30, a five-man morality squad of Metro and Ontario Provincial Police raided the newspaper's Duncan Street offices. They showed warrants authorizing them to search and seize all papers "pertaining to the business operation" of the journal.

Following a search of three and a half hours police removed twelve large crates of records and documents, alleging that they needed these "to study". The boxes included subscription lists, distribution and advertising records, manuscripts, letters to the editor, and a checkbook as well as three books offered for sale through the paper's book service: **Loving Man, The Joy of Lesbian Sex**, and the **Joy of Gay Sex**. These three books had received customs clearance on entry into Canada, and are also on sale at many bookstores in the Toronto area. The police also indicated that they needed all business records to learn if **The Body Politic** was being distributed through the mails. A single phone call to the Canadian Post Office would have documented this, since the journal is a permit mailer; but police officials refused comment when this suggestion was made.

On January 2, Clayton Ruby, attorney for BP, announced the initiation of action in the Supreme Court of Ontario to quash the search warrant and to demand the return of all seized records. Canadian law requires that a search warrant provide a specific description of materials sought. According to Ruby, "terms of the warrant were so broad that they allowed the seizure of almost anything on the premises."

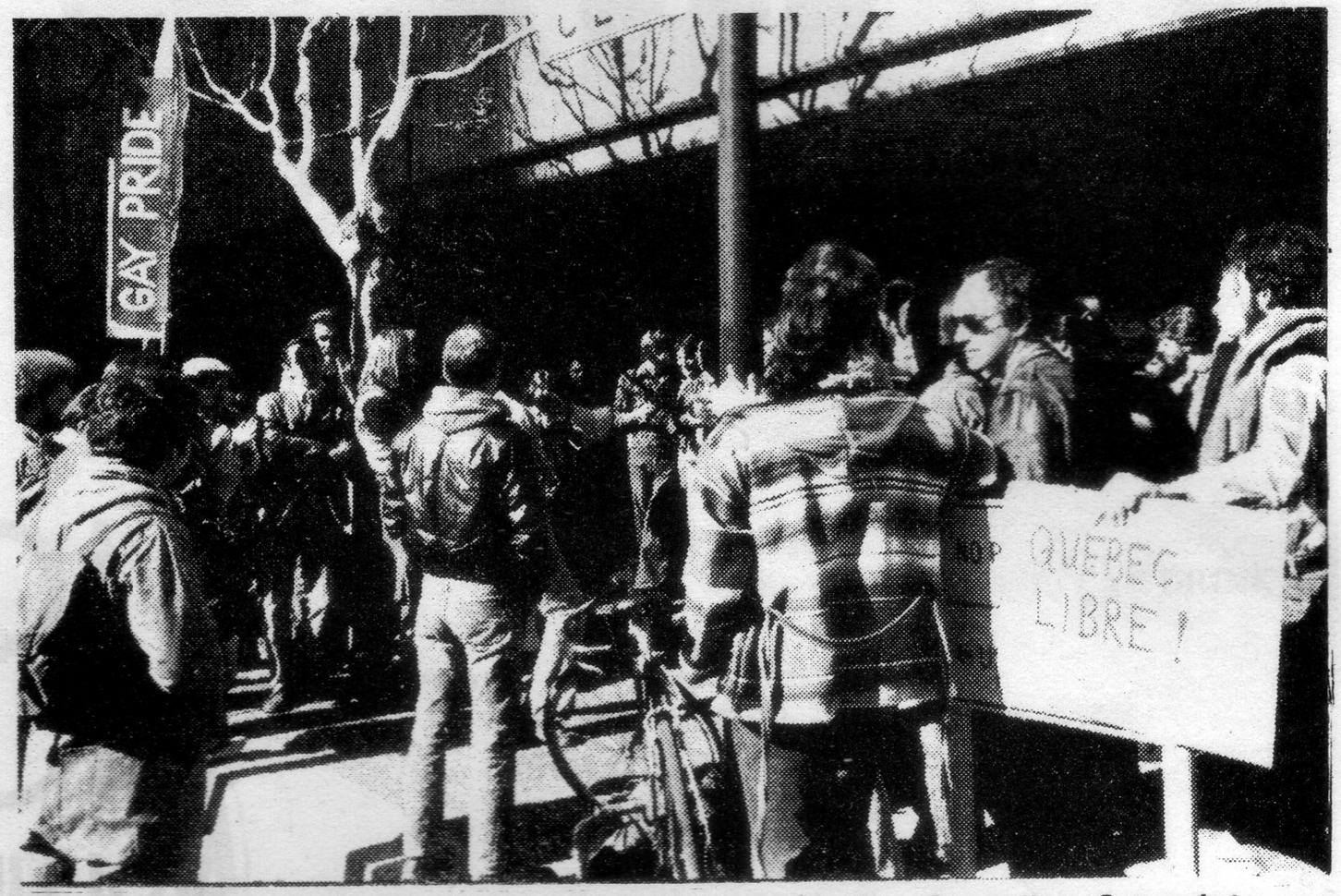


photo by Efren Ramirez

Various gay organizations demonstrated outside the Canadian Consulate on January 24, in protest of the raid at the 'Body Politic' late last month.

Two days after the raid, the police had still filed no charges against BP, and refused to indicate whether charges were even being considered. Ruby claimed that, in view of the absence of charges and the illegality of the warrant, the real intent of the raid was to close the paper.

On January 3, Crown Attorney Robert McGee announced that the police would surrender all of the seized documents pending the outcome of BP's appeal, which the Supreme Court had agreed to hear. Noting that the police cannot make any investigation without all of the documents, McGee suggested that authorities might request that the documents "be lent back to them pending the Supreme Court hearing on the warrant."

In an interview published in the **Toronto Star** on January 3, McGee also claimed that the police were hampered by inability to learn the identities of the staff and authors of BP. "We still haven't been able to determine the names of the people behind the newspaper," he noted, "or the real names of the authors writing for it. They used pen names." BP, however, is one of the few gay liberation publications which does not permit the use of pseudonyms; so that locating the persons working on or for the paper would have simply amounted to a check of the Toronto telephone directory. The BP subsequently requested that the **Toronto Star** print a correction of McGee's statement concerning pen names, but this request received no response.

On January 5, charges under Section 159 and 164 were laid by the Crown Attorney against **Pink Triangle Press** (publisher of BP), and against its corporate officers. Under Section 159, BP is charged with the publication of the article on paedophilia as obscene written matter. Under Section 164, BP is charged with distributing obscene materials

through the mails; but the obscene material cited is Dr. Mark Freedman's book, **Loving Man**. Not only had this book been cleared by authorities earlier, but the clearance papers from Canadian Customs had been in the files which were originally seized by the police.

The immediate response of Canada's gay community has been the establishment of **The Body Politic Free the Press Fund** to provide monies for legal defense. A massive fund raising campaign is in the planning stages and response has already been received from many nongay supporters throughout Canada. Many of these have echoed the fear that seizure of materials unnecessary for the laying of charges may present grave implications for the freedom of press in Canada.

Statements of concern over the nature of the police action have been issued and endorsed by a number of Canadian media figures, including: the editor of **Books in Canada**, the editor of **Canadian Journal of Communications**, the editor of **Content**, (a media journal), Professor F.H. Zemans of York University's Osgoode Law School, and several representatives and producers at CBC radio.

June Callwood, well-known Canadian journalist and broadcaster, expressed her concern that "The defense of freedom of the press does not present any difficulties so long as the press offends no one. When it does," she said, "we have adequate laws of redress for individuals and society. But no one, including the police, can operate outside of those laws to destroy a publication in official disfavour. Such a precedent is dangerous for all society."

An official press release of BP also notes that the attack upon the publication began shortly after the announcement that it had received two financial grants from the **Ontario Arts Council**. Claire Hoy, the **Toronto Sun** columnist who has established a past reputation for anti-gay editorials, published an article lambasting both the Arts Council and BP



Gay Activists Alliance (New York) demonstration on Sixth Avenue on January 7. *Photo by Peter A. Melillo*



(referred to in the article as "Bawdy Politic"). Hoy noted that "Toronto needs an Anita Bryant to put priorities right and to rout the moral plague." Anita Bryant began her cross Canada tour in Toronto on January 15.

Donations should be made payable to: Lynn King in trust for The Body Politic Free the Press Fund. These should be mailed to: Cornigh, King, Sachs & Waldman, Barristers & Solicitors, 111 Richmond Street West, Suite 320, Toronto ONT M5H 3N6, Canada.

ALASKA CONSIDERS NEW CODE

By William H. DuBay

In 1899, Congress approved a criminal code for the Territory of Alaska which was based on Oregon law. Many of these century-old Oregon criminal statutes are still on the books even though the State of Oregon got a completely revised criminal code in 1973.

For 11 years, the state legislature attempted to pass a new code. In 1976, it finally established a permanent Alaska Code Commission and also set up a blue-ribbon Criminal Law Revision Subcommission to prepare a draft criminal code before December, 1977. The subcommission, under Terry Gardiner (D. Ketchikan), Chairman of the House Judicial Committee, drew from the Model Penal Code of the American Law Institute and the most widely-respected revisions, especially those of Oregon, New York, Arizona, Michigan and Illinois. Public hearings were held on the draft and it is now being considered by the Legislature for adoption.

Chapter .41, Article 4, "Sex Offenses," makes no reference to homosexuality or gender in its provisions, thereby eliminating any sanctions against sex between consenting adults. In this, it is following the precedents of 18 other U.S. states, Canada, England, and all countries under the Napoleonic Code.

The proposed code establishes four degrees of sexual assault depending on whether sexual penetration took place or not and whether or not certain elements of force were present. The new law would give greater protections against incest, indecent exposure, and assaults on the handicapped.

A sexual assault of the first degree, a Class A Felony, takes place when: 1) being any age, a person engages in penetration with a person without consent of that person; 2) being any age, he penetrates a person under the age of 13; 3) being 18 or over, he sexually penetrates certain relatives, including children, parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, stepchildren, and adopted children.

A sexual assault of the second degree takes place when: 1) being any age, a person has sexual contact with a person without that person's consent; 2) being any age, he has sexual contact with another person under 13; 3) being 18 years old or older he engages in sexual contact with relatives. This is a Class B Felony.

A sexual assault of the third degree takes place if: 1) being 18 years old or older, one penetrates someone under 16; 2) being any age, one engages in penetration of one who is incapable of consent by reason of a handicap. This is a Class C felony.

A sexual assault of the fourth degree, a Class A Misdemeanor, takes place if: 1) being 19 years old or older, one engages in sexual contact with a person under 16; 2) being any age, he engages in sexual conduct with a person incapable of consent by reason of handicap.

The new law thereby eliminates previous statutes against adultery, cohabitation, and sodomy. In the commentary which accompanies the draft revision, the Subcommission recognized that "large numbers of people share with them strong sentiment regarding the immorality of some of the conduct which would not be criminal under the Tentative Draft." It eliminated them, nevertheless, on the following grounds:
1) Any statute prohibiting private consensual sexual activity between adults is subject to constitutional attack in light of the court's holding in Ravin vs State, 537 P.2d 494, 504 (AK. 1975), that ". . .citizens of the State of Alaska have a basic right to privacy in their houses under Alaska's Constitution." Also, in the earlier case of Harris vs. State, 457, P.2d 638, 645 (Ak. 1969), though the issue was not before the court, the Alaska Supreme Court noted,". . . at least some of us might perceive a right to privacy claim" if the sodomy statute was used to prosecute cases involving consensual activity between adults. 2) In the state of Alaska, there is no history of any prosecution under the old statutes referring to adultery, cohabitation, or sodomy. 3) The Subcommission also recognized that "there are limits beyond which utilization of criminal sanctions loses its meaning and may become destructive to social interest as a result of capricious special applications, constitutional infringements, or non-enforcement leading to general contempt for law or misallocation of limited law-enforcement resources."

SODOMY LAW IN INDIANA

Indianapolis, IN—Donald Boys, the homophobe Republican from Greenwood, has introduced a sodomy bill into the Indiana House of Representatives. Southern Baptist ministers have been working for months on their congregations, and through religious radio and TV programs, to arouse mass support for the new bill; and, because it is an election year, many legislators are expected to be afraid to vote against the bill.

In a surprise move, House Speaker Kermit Burrows assigned the bill to the House Judiciary Committee rather than to the more conservative Courts and Criminal Code Committee (which includes Boys as one of its members). The Judiciary Committee is chaired by a more moderate Republican, and Burrows' assignment of it raises the possibility of killing it there.

GPU-Indiana is engaged in a massive campaign to locate respected persons to testify against the bill when it comes up for committee hearings, and to encourage citizens to write representatives in opposition to the bill. Information on their campaign can be obtained by writing GPU-Indiana, Box 1881, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

KOCH BANS SEX DISCRIMINATION

New York, NY—Newly elected Mayor Edward I. Koch announced in January that he will issue an executive order prohibiting discrimination against homosexuals in municipal employment, including the police and fire departments. In his second day of office, Koch directed his newly sworn counsel, Phillip Trimble, to draw up the order at once.

"There will be no discrimination permitted over any area in which the government has control on the basis of sex, sexual orientation, race, religion, national origin," Koch declared at an impromptu news conference in the City Hall press room. "This includes police and firemen," he said in response to questions.

One local union leader—Richard Vizzini, president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association—announced immediately that his organization was "unalterably opposed" to any order which would allow avowed homosexuals to become firefighters. The president of the city's Police



New York City Mayor Edward Koch

Union, Sam DeMilla, said that he would withhold comment.

A spokesperson for the United Federation of Teachers said: "The Board of Education has a policy that bars discrimination in employment. This union has always taken the position that a person's private life, so long as it is not reflected in the classroom, is their own business." This supporting statement is important because the Board of Education is separate from the city government, and Koch's executive order would not have automatically applied to teachers.

The City Council has repeatedly declined to pass a bill banning discrimination on the basis of sexual preference. Much of the legislative opposition has come from both the Firefighters Association and financial support to anti-gay groups from the Catholic Archdiocese of New York.

Koch's executive order will apply only to municipal employees. Discussion has also begun in the Mayor's Office about the drafting of legislation, to be introduced in February, which will add "sexual orientation" to that part of an existing law which bars discrimination for reasons of race, creed, color, sex, or national origin. This law applies to housing, jobs, and public accomodations in private and public sectors.

FEDERAL FUNDS FOR GAY PROJECTS

Washington, D.C.—A gay staffer at the **National Endowment for the Humanities** has expressed encouragement for gay organizations and individuals to apply for NEH grants. Gay-related projects which might be favorably considered by NEH include: gay history archives, gay learning centers in public libraries, community outreach and education programs, gay-related movies or audio-visual aids, workshops or seminars for professionals on gay-related issues, curriculum development for courses on gay literature, research tools, and studies of how homosexuality relates to various aspects of society (religion, education, the press, etc.).

Those wishing to receive program announcements (concerning procedures and qualifications for applications), or to be placed on the NEH mailing list, should write to: Mr. Darrel deChaby, Public Information Office, Mail Stop 351, National Endowment for the Humanities, 806 Fifteenth Street N.W., Washington D.C. 20506.

In San Francisco, a grant for a three-year project to study civil liberties and sexual orientation has been given to the **Center for Homosexual Education and Evaluation Research** at San Francisco State University. The $500,000 grant was awarded by the **National Institute of Mental Health** of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. This is the first federally-funded study of the violation of civil liberties of men and women who are homosexual or who depart from the feminine and masculine stereotypes. The grant makes possible the use of the methodology developed by C.H.E.E.R. in a recently completed study, also funded by NIMH.

Interviews will be conducted in the San Francisco and New York City Metropolitan areas. Data are collected primarily through interviewing all major parties involved in possible cases of such discrimination. The data will be used to document cases of discrimination based on sexual orientation and social sex-role stereotyping in public and private institutions. The study will strengthen the protection of the civil liberties of homosexual men and women.

The program will be directed by Dr. John P. DeCecco, Professor of Psychology, San Francisco State University, and Michael Shively, Associate Director, C.H.E.E.R. Donald C. Knutson, Professor of Law, University of Southern California, is legal counsel to the project.

With the award of this grant, C.H.E.E.R. has received, over the past year, $1,200,000 in federal funds. This level of funding has established its stature as the major research center on sexual orientation in the country.

BATT WILL APPEAL

Milwaukee, Wi--Federal Judge Robert W. Warren has dismissed a lawsuit filed by Patrick Batt who claims he was fired as personnel director of Marion Heights Nursing Home, 3333 W. Highland Blvd., because of his homosexuality. Batt's suit had sought damages and reinstatement of his $13,600 a year job.

In dismissing the case, Warren did not deal directly with the issue of whether a firm has a right to act against a homosexual. He also did not rule on the constitutional rights issues which Batt claimed the nursing home had violated. Batt had claimed that because the nursing home is largely funded with federal and state monies, it is a public institution and is therefore, subject to federal regulations. Warren's decision was based solely on the technical grounds that the nursing home is a private, not public institution.

Batt's appeal was filed in the 7th Circuit Court of Appeals on February 2. This federal appeals court is in Chicago, has three judges and will hear oral arguments, which the lower court does not. Appeal will take about eight to ten months and according to Batt, legal fees are now over $7,400. More funds will be needed for this appeal. The Milwaukee Human Rights Alliance has announced that fundraisers will be forthcoming in Milwaukee, Green Bay, and Chicago. Donors may send funds to the Milwaukee Human Rights Alliance, P.O. Box 92872, Milwaukee, Wi 53202. An accounting of income and expenses will be published in GPU NEWS.

COALITION FORMS

Milwaukee, Wi--The Gay and Lesbian Coalition of Greater Milwaukee held an organizational meeting on January 28 at the Women's Coalition. Representatives of 12 Milwaukee organizations attended the meeting to discuss the future of a united movement of gay men and women in the Milwaukee area.

It was agreed that there is a need for an "umbrella" organization representing the various gay and lesbian groups in the area. The motive of the coalition is to coordinate the efforts of all groups and ally all interested persons.

A spokesperson for the coalition says, "No one group will be "in control" and the coalition is not an attempt to usurp any power from the gay community at large." The group will be similar to Chicago's.

The next working meeting will be held at 3 p.m. on March 4 at the Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell.

ROEWER KILLER CHARGED

Milwaukee, Wi--William Roewer, 54, of 3609 W. North Avenue, was found bludgeoned to death in late December. Roewer, who managed the Circulation Department of GPU NEWS until two years ago, retired in 1974 as a special education teacher at Lincoln High School. Following his retirement he ran a ceramics shop called Handicrafts in his home.

The body was discovered in Roewer's shop by two customers, who found the door ajar and hailed a police car. The home and shop had been ransacked.

In January Richard W. Love, 21, of Phoenix, AZ, was charged with first degree murder in the death of Roewer. Love had been a roomer in Roewer's home. Love confessed to striking Roewer with a hammer and then strangling him. The police complaint said that after the beating, Love took Roewer's car and TV, both recovered later by police.

According to the police report, Love was arrested at County Jail, where he was a Huber Law prisoner, serving time for a charge of fraud on a motel keeper.

FEEDBACK

Dear GPU News,

I'm happy to renew for my third year. Your paper seems to get better with each issue.

One suggestion--a little bit less coverage of Anita Bryant and her escapades. She couldn't get a farthing's worth of publicity as a singer and she has even less talent as a rabble-rouser. So, why should the gay community provide her with free adverts?

R.M.
London, England

Dear Friends,

I love to receive the GPU NEWS. I only regret that there isn't as fine a magazine in our Texas area.

I have really enjoyed it more with the photos, poetry and drawings. It is a super production job and one anyone, whether gay or straight, could be proud to receive.

Keep up the good work and thank you for enabling me to be a part of the gay world of GPU NEWS.
Howard W. Little
Fort Worth, TX

Dear Editor,

During the last year I have been glad to see much improvement in the newspaper, both in quality of content and style.

However, I think you should, whenever possible, keep in mind the people who receive your newspaper and live some distance from you, especially when it comes to advance publication of dates.
R. Mc
Peoria, Il.

Dear GPU NEWS,

You've been printing some very fine fiction lately. I was most impressed with the short story by Richard Hall, "The Servant Problem." I've now decided to read his book, "The Butterscotch Prince."

Hope you can keep printing good gay fiction because there is so very little of it around.
JS Indianapolis, IN

EDITORIAL

The National Gay Task Force recently released a breakdown of its present membership figures by states. Total membership of this nationwide organization is only 6,545. Expectedly, New York leads with almost two thousand members. California is second with almost twelve hundred, and Illinois third with 356 members. The remaining three thousand members are scattered through the 47 remaining states.

With this heavily clustered distribution, and a total membership of less than seven thousand—which is a fraction of 1% of the gays in the United States—the term "national" in NGTF's name is more a program than a fact. Why, then, are so few gays interested in supporting this organization?

Part of the reason is surely due to the structure and activities of the organization, heavily concentrated in New York City, and with only occasional (and usually only fund-raising) efforts outside its boroughs. The distrust which most Americans have for a centralized Washington federal bureaucracy could surely be reflected in the similar attitude which many gays have toward eastern centralization on the part of a gay organization which purports to be nationwide in its scope. This distrust was evidenced by a recent speaker at a gay rights symposium, who referred to NGTF as the "New York Gay Task Force."

While there may be some justification to these concerns of over-concentration of efforts geographically, the concerns only tell a part of the story; and the whole story is reflected in many local gay organizations as well. The membership of Milwaukee's **Gay Peoples Union** comprises less than 1% of the estimated gay persons in the metropolitan area; and GPU, Inc. is no exception to the status of gay organizations in larger urban areas. Gay people are generally quick-at-the-draw in criticizing even local groups for what they don't do, but much slower when it comes to the obvious solution of lending individual time and talent with a view toward remedying faults, however obvious and structurally encrusted these may be.

NGTF, with all its faults and limitations, is probably the sole organization of its kind which at least offers the promise of being nationwide in scope. During its four years of existence, it has worked with governmental and private agencies in support of legislative change, rights of lesbian mothers, and a gay voice in the media. The recent meeting with officials at the White House is reason enough to provide support.

None of this is to suggest that the earlier remarks about occasional parochialism are erroneous. But gay persons who criticize NGTF and remain nonmembers are something like the many Americans who stay away from the polls on election day and then criticize the elected government for incompetence. Faults are best corrected from the inside, and that's what participatory democracy is all about. We have too many impartial spectators everywhere in the gay community.

While the new year is still fresh, gay persons should give serious consideration to becoming supporters of one or more organizations at the local level, and NGTF at the national level as well. If there is a gay group in your area, your time and talents would surely be a blessing; and, if not, small donations to nearby local groups should be considered. The history of social and economic, not to mention political, progress in America is the story of groups working together to do a job; and the American public (as well as the political arena) will hardly take us seriously as gays if we don't take ourselves seriously.

NGTF's $15 membership fee is certainly not a stumbling block. Most gays and lesbians spend more than that at the bar over a weekend. Persons who want to join, or who would like more information, should write NGTF at 80 Fifth Avenue, Room 506, New York, NY 10011. And, if there are faults in your opinion, don't hesitate to let them know. Like most gay organizations, they would rather hear your criticisms and suggestions than silence.

When we compare the accomplishments wrought by local gay groups of often miniscule size with the potential which they might realize if even one out of every three gay people lent their time and talents, the possibilities of the gay movement can be seen in their almost monumental perspective for the future. If this sounds like a plea for greater involvement on the part of every reader, that's because it is just that.

the Side Board

124 North Water

NIGHTLY DINNER SPECIALS

Sunday Brunch (1 to 5 P.M.)

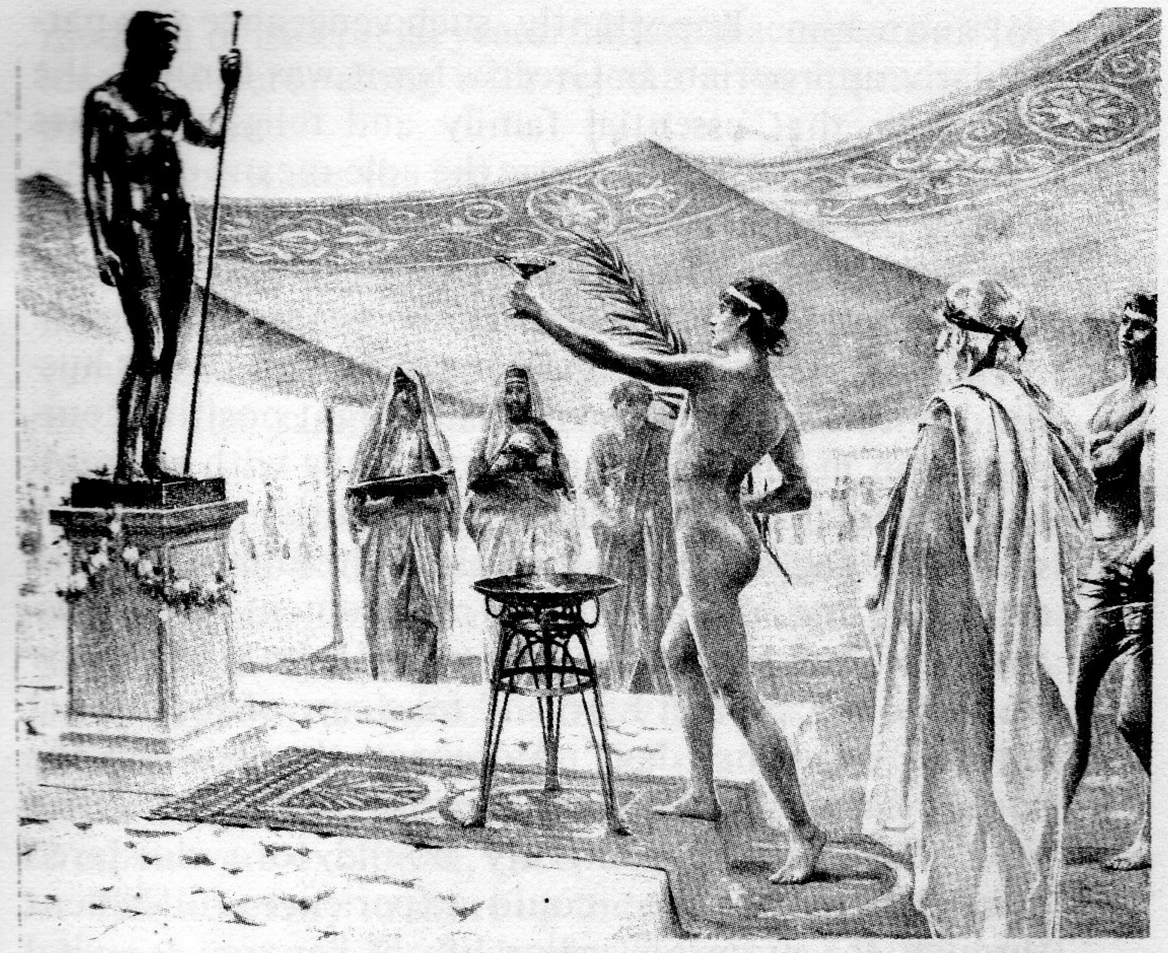
4 to 11 P.M. Daily
1 to 9 P.M. Sunday

Big enough to 'party-party,' but small enough to do your own thing.



YOUR PLACE

813 South 1st Street, Milwaukee



A FRESH PERSPECTIVE ON GREEK HOMOSEXUALITY

BY DONNA MARTIN

The Golden Age of Greece—how regularly this icon to a glorious meld of homosexuality and cultural excellence has been wheeled out as exhibit number one in apologias for homosexuality! Yet in their zeal to counter the commonplace equation of homosexuality and degeneracy (and perhaps also out of a rather parochial male arrogance), these boosters have made little effort to probe the conditions favoring this efflorescence of sexual deviance, or bothered to explore how the women in this society fitted into the total picture.

A new collection of essays by Phillip Slater, entitled **Footholds** (a Dutton paperback, 1977), contains an essay, "The Family in Ancient Greece," which helps us better understand this rather anomalous period. While I suscribe neither to a purely behaviorial nor a purely genetic theory of homosexual causation, I feel that the widespread acceptance and practice of homoeroticism among these ancient Greek males makes it at least likely that special factors were operative.

The basic cause, as Slater sees it, was a species of marked sex segregation, especially prevalent among the upper classes. Women were legal nonenities, uneducated, excluded from community life, and virtually imprisoned in the home. Their husbands, on the other hand, drawn into marriage primarily to perpetuate their family lines, spent most of their lives out in the larger community and mainly in the society of other men.

Evidence of the prevailing negative attitude toward marriage and distain for women is abundant. In this discussion of a law of Solon, Plutarch, for example, says, ' "that a man should consort with his wife not less than three times a month—not for pleasure surely, but as cities renew their agreements from time to time . . ." '. And Semonides of Amorgos concludes a long tirade in which women are compared with sows, vixen, bitches, donkeys, and weasels, by saying, ' "No one day goes by from end to end enjoyable, when you have spent it with your wife" '. When indeed marital love did occur, even between newlyweds, it was occasion for special comment. In short, marriage was viewed by males as a necessary evil, and even though strongly pressured toward it by the Greek cities, still many men avoided it.

On her side, the young wife was likely to be equally unprepared to engage in a mature heterosexual relationship. What she brought with her from her childhood home was typically the memory of maternal protection and affection, and paternal distance. She could have little hope that this pattern of segregation and antagonism between the sexes would be significantly different in her own marriage. As Slater puts it, "The marital relationship thus came to resemble that of an older brother and younger sister, when the brother has been entrusted with his sister's care against his will, and she is longing for her mother and resents his coldness, irritability and contempt." The basic lesson of her upbringing, and the one which so vitally effected the entire adult life of the Greek woman, was that, indubitably, it was men who had the best of things.

But there was one arena where the woman held sway—the home. There is much to indicate that it was she who was chief manager of the household—the children, most of the slaves, and the money her husband earned. Paramount in this domain, the wife must often have loomed as something of a threat to her peripatetic husband: it was his home, true, but it was a woman—a mere female—who controlled most of the threads of its complex web.

Thus to be a woman in ancient Greece was to be "nothing," and though likely (because of conditioning) to automatically share this societal assumption, women were thereby not prevented from resenting it. Com-

monly, the effects of this seething complex of emotion were felt by the children, and particularly by the male children. According to Slater, "Wherever one finds a mother unfulfilled in her sexual life, one may expect also to find a mother whose aspect may be menacing to her child. And wherever one finds a mother who, by virtue of being a woman, is deprived in some way of self-expression or forced to endure narcissistic wounds of various kinds, one may expect also to find a mother whose aspect is menacing to her sons."

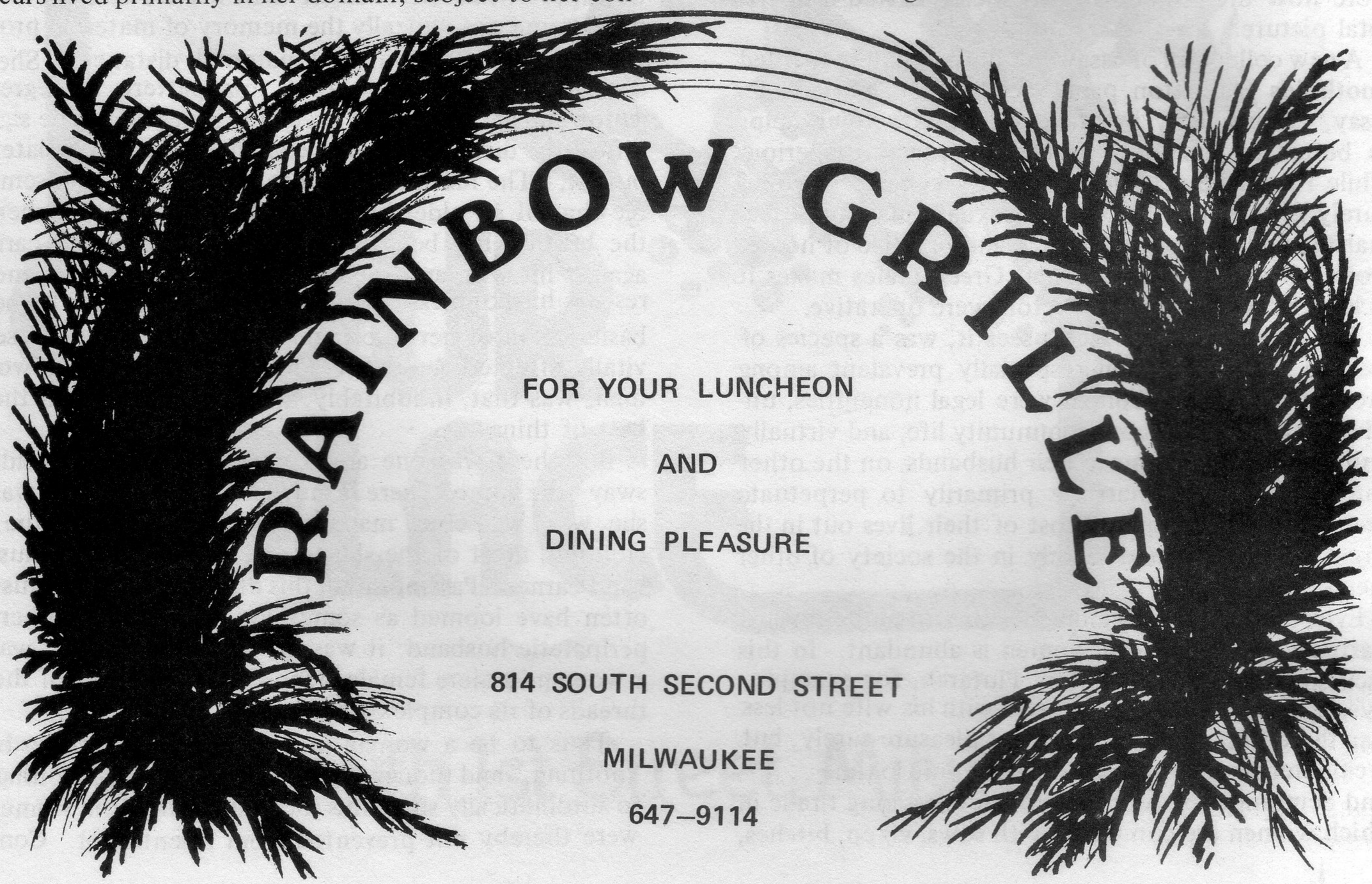
In effect then, the dammed up needs and resentment of the wife/mother found a secondary outlet through her son. Slater characterizes her complex response as "ambivalent overinvolvement with the son."

On the one hand, because direct hostility toward the husband was inhibited by the wife's youth, dependence, and social inferiority, it was likely to be vented instead on her male offspring. In short, they became scapegoats for their father. Indeed, this is a theme well known in mythology. Medea kills her sons in jealous rage against Jason, while Procne, for identical reasons, kills her son and serves him up to his father in a stew. In Ovid's version Procne expresses the desire to burn, blind, and castrate her husband and then, upon seeing her son walk by, remarks bitterly, ' "How like your father you are." '

Thus, unable to reach her husband (whose arrogant superiority she resents), the wife punished him through his male offspring – who, after all, in their formative years lived primarily in her domain, subject to her control and whim. Importantly, such vengeance was particularly appropriate in Greece, for it was through the male heir that essential family and religious values were mediated. The son was the sole means of perpetuating his father's lineage and property; and without him family religion and rites disappeared, and the father was condemned to eternal unhappiness after death.

In addition to displacing her resentment of her husband onto his son, the wife also sought positive compensation in him. For one thing, along with attempting to put down his masculine qualities, she at the same time engaged in the directly contradictory course of fantasizing him as an ideal replacement of her husband. He was to be "her little man" who would grow up to be the perfect hero and take care of his mother for the rest of her days. Moreover, through him she could vicariously satisfy her longings for a fuller, active life. She might be unfairly bound to a cloistered domesticity, but she could experience fulfillment through the more rewarding life of her son – a vital extension of herself. Again, these maternal ambitions are reflected in myth. For example, both Perseus and Achilles are sons of women injured in some way by men, and their heroic exploits serve, directly or indirectly, as compensation for these wounds.

It is this maelstrom of maternal passion focusing on the boy child which, Slater *postulates*, accounts for the unusual incidence of male homosexuality in ancient Greece. The seed of the later adult fruition was that double message which was the pervasive, enveloping



medium of his crucial years: maternal acceptance as the idealized hero, along with rejection for his masculine pretensions.

Because it was the brute fact of his physical maleness which elicited his mother's marked ambivalence, that in time came to assume for the Greek male both enormous importance, and a source of great unease. It became both the source of his greatest interest and pride but at the same time, a chronic threat to his self-concept.

Thus, guesses Slater, it is readily understandable that the male body would come to dominate Greek art and athletics. In art, nude forms are until quite late, almost entirely male. And in athletics, much was made of bodily form and grace – indeed it was these Golden Age Greeks who introduced the practice of athletics competing nude (from which world of bodily display women were excluded, except in Sparta.)

This necessity to shore up the male's shakey identity through focus on the body was likewise extended to all activities defined as masculine. The preoccupation of this culture with honor and glory in battle is of course legendary. Though generally deemed admirable, it could assume a sadly narcissistic character – as, for instance, with Achilles' readiness to sacrifice his comrades to his own glory.

Slater quotes a scholar to the effect that the key defining quality of Greek culture was the ' "way in which the idea of competition was extended from physical prowess to the realm of the intellectual, the feats of poetry and dramatic composition." ' J. Huizinga in his classic study of play in society, **Homo ludens**, reinforces this idea; he notes that the Greeks in fact staged contests in anything offering ' "the bare possibility of a fight" ': beauty (male, of course), singing, riddle solving, drinking, staying awake.

Slater's final comment on all this hectic competitiveness again points up his thesis about its peculiar psychological origin (in the mother/son relationship), and desired function (to bolster a brittle identity): "So absorbed were the Greeks in the quest for the unwilling admiration of their peers, so universal were vanity, boastfulness, ambition, competitiveness, and invidiousness, that there was no attempt to hide feelings of envy and vindictiveness that the success of another aroused. To achieve revenge and arouse envy were the twin delicacies of everyday life." And so, sadly, we must note that the final effect of this quite sexually unequal society was not exactly salubrious, even for its male members – regardless of the fact that they seemed to have everything going for them.

There are several implications of Slater's persuasive analysis that have current relevance. For one thing, it supports the cross-cultural observation of Tripp in **The Homosexual Matrix** that it is the stress on individual male achievement in a culture that correlates most closely with a high incidence of male homosexuality. In Tripp's words, "Where male aspirations are cast in a non-competitive mold, homosexuality tends to be low, but where perhaps the same aspirations are rated individually with perhaps a consequent emphasis on such concepts as the winner and the hero, the homosexual potential is readily activated." And he adds, "The same kinds of male glorification that drive homosexuality up also tend to lower the value of women. . ." What Slater has done is to fill out the picture by plausibly explaining how, in one important society, a debased state for women might have been actually integral to the genesis of much male homosexuality.

What, it seems to me, is further implied by those conclusions is a partial defusing of the traditionally romantic excess by contemporaries (almost a party line) about their brothers in ancient Greece. The West has been forced to ingest the untidy fact that in fact the much idealized democracy of Athens rested on and in large part was facilitated by a far larger underclass of slaves known as "helots". So too must homosexuals accomodate the sobering reality that the achievements and leisure and marvelous cameraderie of many of their Greek heroes came in tandem with a reciprocal domestic slavery of one half of this elite, supposedly democratic society.

What also occured to me is that Slater and Tripp have, by implication, something to say about lesbianism. Since women and their abilities have throughout history been universally consigned a status secondary to men, even in the eyes of women themselves, males and their accomplishments have generally been more highly esteemed. Thus if Slater and Tripp are correct about the importance of standards of individual excellence in the expression of homosexuality, then it is little wonder that de-emphasis of such expectations among females could muffle lesbian leanings.

Exciting opportunities exist for women today on an unprecedented scale as an outgrowth of the contemporary women's movement. Today women are offered freedom from the restrictive, conventional roles of wife and mother – and that freedom can now (far more easily than ever before in history) include the lesbian option.

In addition, feminism has encouraged and applauded the cultivation of women's aptitudes, together with their pursuit of positions and prizes in the greater world. It should come as no surprise, then, that feminism has indeed (as many of its detractors – e.g., Phyllis Shafley – nastily acclaim) been a hotbed of lesbianism. Women are finally becoming able to recognize one another as admirable beings – and from such a seedbed, as we have seen, love and sexual attraction are not uncommon outgrowths. And, it must be noted, except in the early days and among fringe groups, this unintentional nurturing and burgeoning of lesbianism came about without a concomitant rhetoric about the inferiority of the other half of the human race.



CENTER STAGE

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"Gay Rights" for straights, too!

By Don Slater

(Mr. Slater is director of The Homosexual Information Center, Los Angeles, California.

Anita Bryant's victory in Dade County was the outstanding negative event in 1977 for the homosexual movement. Although the success of Miss Bryant's crusade is not likely to have a lasting impact, it dealt a definate blow to Miami's "affectional or sexual preference" protective ordinance and to the fight for "gay rights" in general.

In the wringing of hands that has followed the voter rebuff in Miami little attention has been paid to the fundamental weakness inherent in the doctrine of "gay rights" as a common principle around which to organize and arouse the support of the public, and in "sexual preference" ordinances as an effective means to protect the civil rights of anybody.

It is perhaps appropriate to ask once again: what went wrong in Miami? Why have gay rights measures in California, Massachusetts, and Oregon, etc. withered in the legislatures, and why did Arkansas repeal its new law protecting all private sexual activity – whether heterosexual or homosexual – and replace it with one that proscribes certain sexual conduct only when performed by persons of the same sex?

A few observations about "sexual orientation" and "preference," sex and gender hang-ups, and the strategy of gay rights is in order.

"Affectional or sexual preference" ordinances fail to protect people in a personal way. In this sense the ordinances are not a real gain; they are simply a symbolic tactic by pressured polititions to "get off the hook." There are dangers in laws that permit employers to inquire into matters unrelated to job performance. "Sexual preference" ordinances actually depend for their enforcement on an invasion of the right to sexual privacy. It is quite impossible for employers or employment officials to figure out what sort of sexual activity workers who come to them for help engage in. The interests of all Americans, whatever their "sexual orientation," are best served by laws that absolutely prohibit government infringement of the constitutional right to personal privacy. Statutes designed to prevent discrimination based on "affectional or sexual preference" obscure this basic principle by appearing to shield only "gay" people from official intrusion.

The mainstream of the homosexual movement has made astonishing progress in the past 25 years with this philosophy in mind. The movement has taken into consideration the diversity of the people it serves, and it has steadfastly avoided lumping the aggregate into an identifiable sexual category. The goal of the movement has been to establish equal rights for **all persons** who perform socially non-conforming sex acts – a goal many so-called heterosexuals have found difficult to oppose, and one which has had the effect of lifting the argument above gay or straight partisan feelings.

However, in 1969, the Stonewall riot took place. Although it was a routine fight between jaded, role-playing queens and hustlers, and New York City policemen at a shabby gay bar on Christopher Street, somehow the nothing-to-lose action of this fringe elementof New York's "gay" population became a signal for other guilt-ridden and latent "gays" to come out of their closets. Against the unfairness of everyday life they had found a brotherhood of "gayness" with which to relate. The Stonewall incident came to symbolize gay power, gay militancy, and, ironically, gay liberation. The anniversary of Christopher Street is celebrated each year during the last week in June as followers of gay revivalism on both coasts gather to conduct public rites in self-deliverance.

Unfortunately, gay liberationists with their gay ghetto thinking, slogans and institutions – egged on by a gleeful press – have been in the limelight ever since. Miami voters were treated to an especially confusing and witless performance on their part. Operating with a comparatively generous budget, a few careerist charlatans and gay-mafia types set up an ad hoc committee to fight Anita – without a permanent staff, and without a single unifying program. They called in some charismatic consultants with delusions of grandeur in media relations, business, advertising, and political organizing. These "experts," however, knew next to nothing about the Dade County situation. Schemes begun one week were not carried through the next. Posturing faggots and out-of-the-closet "gays" were lined up to bear witness to their freely chosen "sexual preference." One sun tanned youth, interviewed by **Newsweek** at the side of his swimming pool, identified his dentist and doctor as being "gay," then added, "they are reserved, conservative men who want to keep their sexuality private." Leonard Matlovich, the discharged Air Force Sergeant who remained a virgin until he was 30, and who once acknowledged to a military board of inquiry that if he had any choice in the matter he'd rather be "straight," joined the parade of testimonials in defense of homosexuality. Anita Bryant and her anti-gay vigilantes obligingly went along with the antics and added some rhetoric of her own in the from of Biblical proscriptions and shrill warnings that homosexuals molest children.

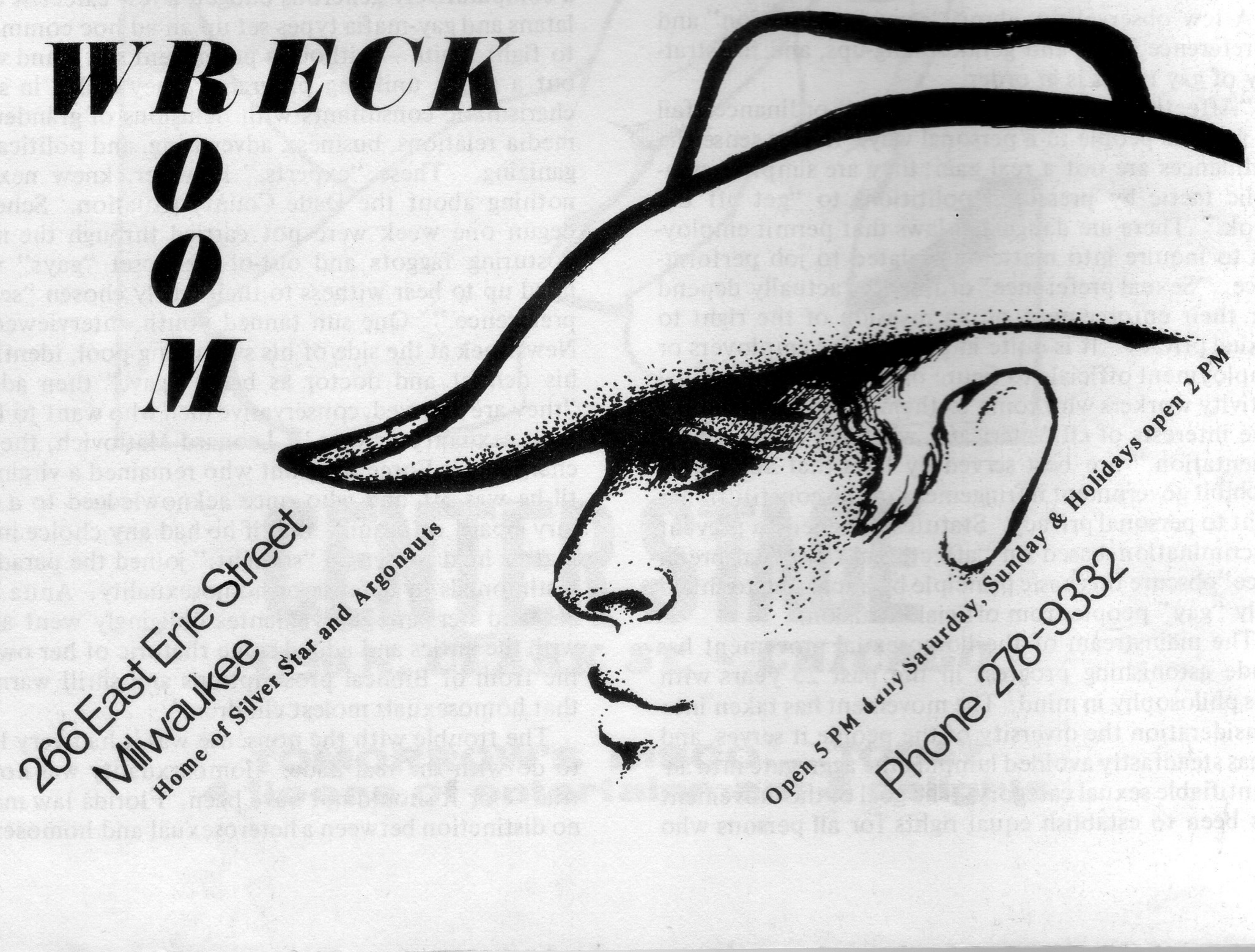
The trouble with the nonsense was it had very little to do with the real issue. Homosexuality was not on trial – or it should not have been. Florida law makes no distinction between a heterosexual and homosexual

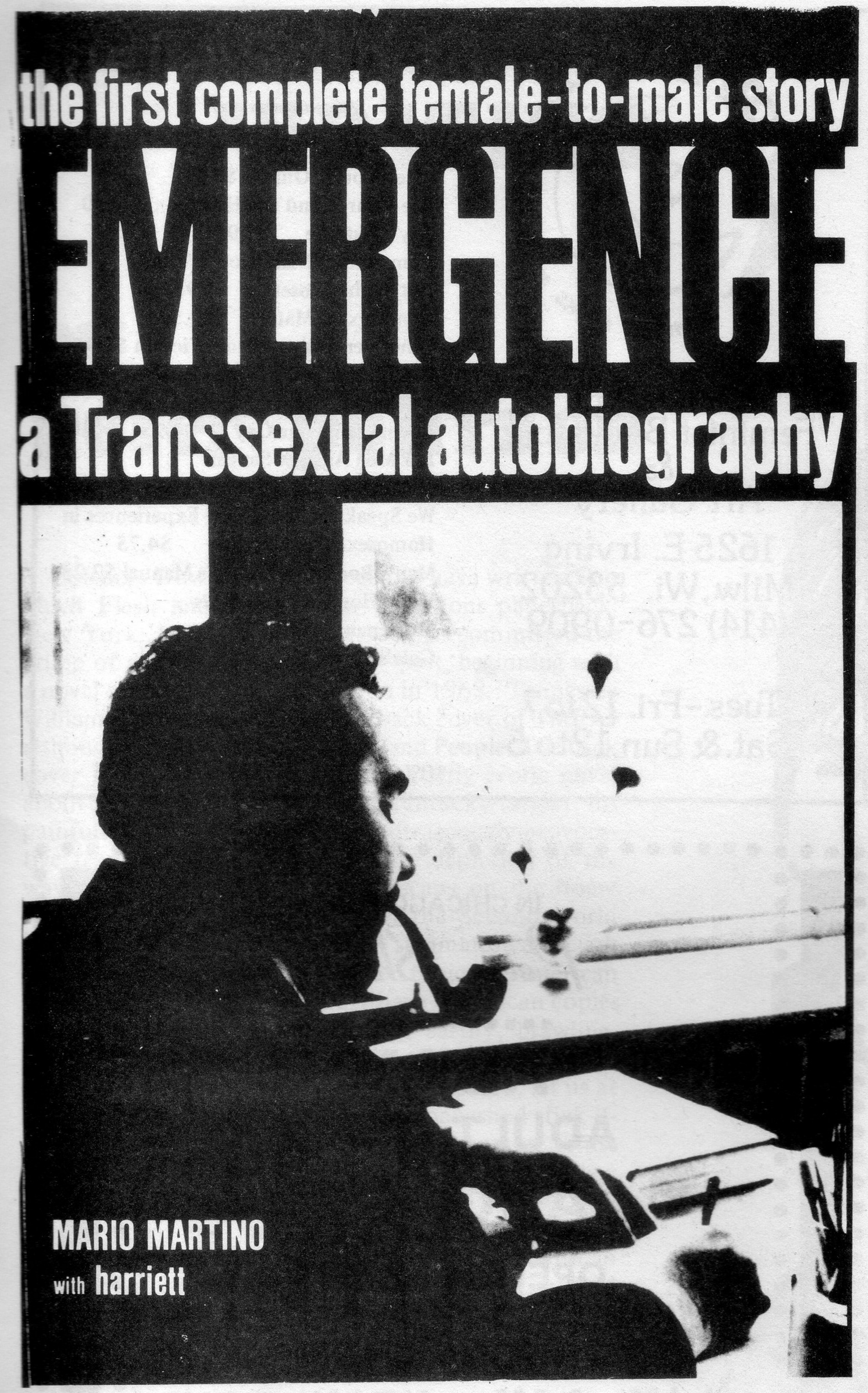
perversion. The real issue was, and is, whether employers and landlords, etc. have the right to inquire into a person's private sexual habits as a condition of employment or housing. But confused and amused Miami voters had no choice but to register a negative opinion at the polls.

The defeat of the gay rights ordinance in Dade County was overwhelming, but gay liberationists have not learned much from the experience or from the threatened backlash in other parts of the country. The reconstruction of the social order to include a category of humans called "Gays" is their pet invention. It ought to be repudiated. A "Gay" is a sexually stereotyped, standardized, politicalized, mobilized person. The call for gay rights was once used to help raise a phony "gay consciousness," and it may appeal to a gay mentality (if such exists), but it obviously doesn't attract heterosexual support. And yet, heterosexuals are not enemies but potential allies of the homosexual movement. It ought to be equally obvious that a gay rights dominated ideology is ineffective in reaching the sympathies of the average man or woman who engages in homosexual relations as well. The vast majority of persons who make a homosexual choice do not fit into the sexual classification. They don't act out a sex and gender hang-up or play a gay role. They don't live in gay ghettos; nor do they patronize gay ghetto institutions. These persons see no reason to talk to their employers, etc. about their sexual habits on demand, or otherwise. It would not occur to them to subordinate their individual personalities to a so-called "gay life style." And, as evidenced by the final tally in Dade County, they don't vote as a gay bloc either.

19 states have now removed penalties against anal and oral sex acts from their penal codes after years of harsh and unequal enforcement. The sensible way to eliminate any lingering discrimination on this basis is to extend the right of sexual privacy implicit in the new laws by protecting workers, etc. in general from an abridgement of that right – in the same way men are protected from unreasonable search and seizure and self-incrimination. **No inquiry into private sexual feelings should be permitted as a condition of employment.** It is an argument that can attract the widest possible support because it blurs rather than intensifies the artificial distinctions between heterosexuality and homosexuality.

Pleased with herself and her success, Anita has formed a new organization, "Protect America's Children," to continue the fight against. . ."gay militants, and persecution at the hands of homosexual groups." The homosexual movement can put Anita's misguided moralistic crusade in its place. But it can do it a lot better if it stops fighting the battle on Anita's terms, and if it will stop rehearsing its old gay liberation lines and start to face a few sexual and political realities itself.





Emergence: A Transsexual Autobiography by Mario Martino with Harriett. Crown Publishers, Inc., New York, 1977. $10.

Reviewed By Sheila Sullivan

"The only complete autobiography of a woman who has become a man." Finally. I couldn't wait to get my hands on it. But once I had it in my hands, a wave of apprehension rose in me. Please don't let this be like the many male-to-female transsexual accounts which become totally submerged in fantasy and a preoccupation with being a Real Woman, to the point that the Real Person is obliterated. I wanted **Emergence** to present a human being I could understand and really feel, a believeable progression of what led to the desperate decision of surgery, and the differences the change made in the author's life—not more lines of delusion.

I poured through detailed descriptions of Marie's days as an aspirant to the Catholic nunnery ("Accustomed to Italian cooking and its spicy aromatic seasoning, I found the food here bland") and the lengthy play-by-play of the schooling involved toward her R.N. degree ("The bank advised there would be a three-week wait on the student loan, so I went to the Werners, who for 23 years had owned the laundromat across the street"). It seemed I was reading about everything but Marie's inability to live as a female. When a reference to her gender discomfort slipped in ("Having felt nothing from Jack's kiss, I was now more certain than ever that I belonged with that special group of individuals like Christine Jorgensen"), I hoped that more than a boring kiss had prompted the thought.

Marie left the convent and nurses training a sexual innocent, having yet to hear the word "lesbian." Six pages later she made a strap-on dildo out of a condom and a test tube, plotting to use it on the woman down the hall. Marie was never tormented by the enormous religious taboos against such a thought (not to mention such an act) and she never questioned or doubted herself. Two pages later Marie confronts a male friend down the hall: "Old Buddy, I want to have intercourse with you." and because she could not relax

enough to allow penetration during this five-minute sexual encounter, she needs no further proof. "That sealed my fate. I knew I could never live as a female, that I should never have been born one."

I found myself wishing for some of those elaborate, traumatic conflicts I had wearied of in the male-to-female stories. Mario Martino just seemed to have it too easy. Oh, a little problem here and there. . .certainly nothing to worry about. And unfortunately, to confuse matters more, the problems that were described dealt with Marie's sexual attraction for women rather than her confused body image.

I registered my complaint with a male-to-female transsexual friend, who remarked, "Now you should know how much a transsexual seems to 'have' to be the stereotype person. Especially if they are not self-conscious of any duality. Men are 'traditionally' not 'feeling' prone. I would **expect** it to be written very cold, just the facts. . ." Sad, but all too true.

It was only in the second last chapter, entitled "Phalloplasty", that I began to feel for the author. After numerous bouts in surgery, he is left with an unsatisfactory penis, and Mario learns to adjust to that fact, accept and be thankful for what he has.

Mario is very straight and very secure and very strong. I wish I knew why he had sex-change surgery. **Emergence** read more like an appointment schedule than the revealing diary it could have been. We still need a transsexual story that will show us (not tell us about) a person in a state of male/female confusion who can sort out the problem and its many nuances, and relate it to us in a realistic flesh-and-blood way.

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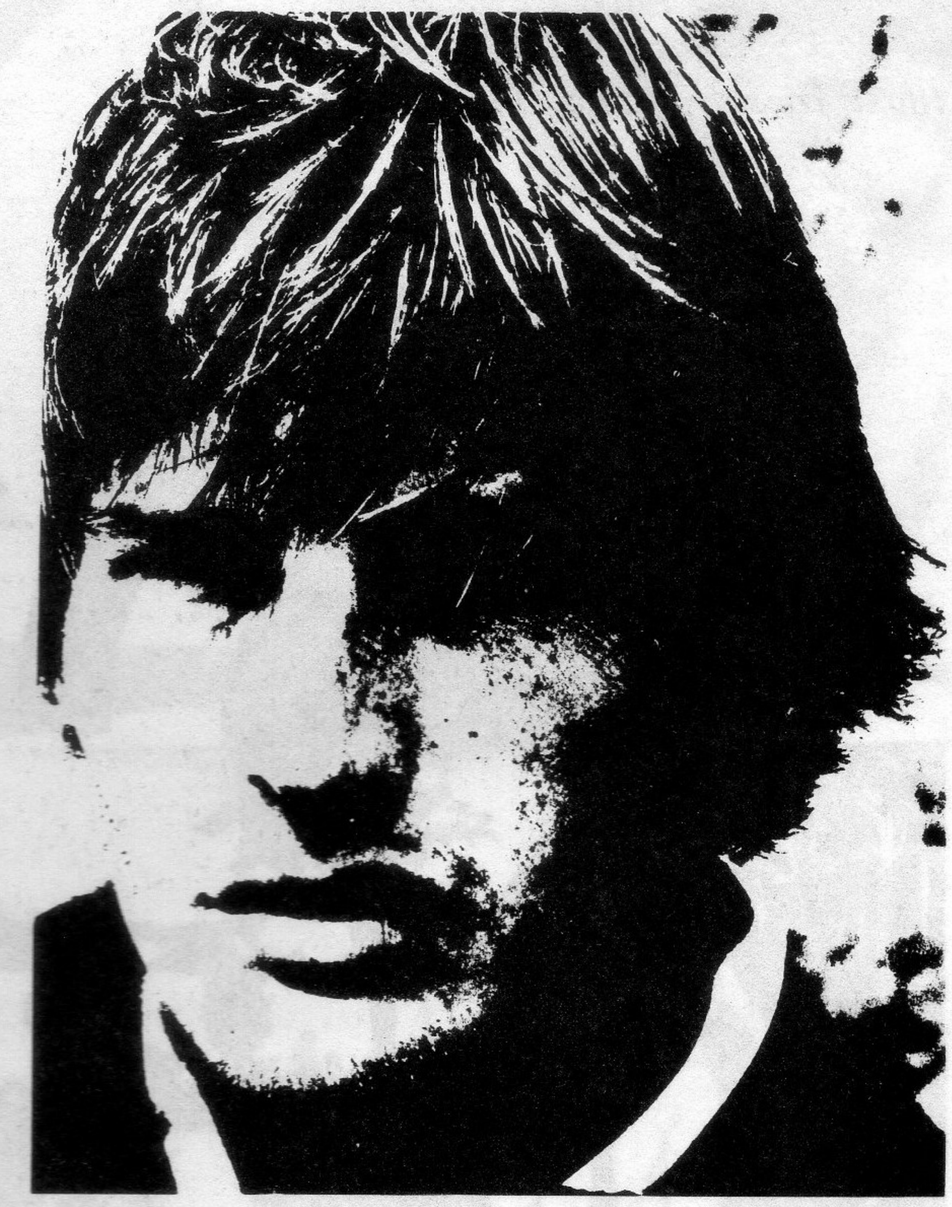
READING WRITING

by peter pehrson

Coleman Dowell, who is alleged to have written **Too Much Flesh and Jabez** (New Directions paperback, New York, 1977, 151 pp., $5.95), has committed the crime of attempted fiction in the past, beginning with a novel called **One of the Children** in 1968. Tennessee Williams provides a blurb on the back cover of **TMFAJ** although it is for another book, **Island People.** The back cover says about **TMFAJ**: ", , ,a boldly erotic novel about an overly-endowed young Kentucky farmer, his painfully inhibited wife, and an outrageously provocative teen-age boy. . .and authentic depiction of the way of life of millions of Americans on the home front amid the rigorous years of the Second World War." This is a fairly accurate plot summation although what happens could hardly be called typically American during WW II. But if we must have American copies of D. H. Lawrence's mud-rutting, earthy, brawling, muscular, repressed men with their mud-rutting, earthy, brawling, muscular, repressed women, let us at least settle for Henry Miller whose unabashed stick-it-hard-and-fast-to-all-the-wantin'-wanton-women sexist attitude is recognizable. The Jabez in question is a preciously precocious lad whose favorite pasttime is to hunker down and crank the Victrola real tight so it spins forever. It's actually John-Boy Walton with an erection and a penchant for Firey Red nail polish. And my land, does he fall into trouble! **Too Much Flesh and Jabez** is a singular waste of recycled paper.

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Most of us probably know little about our prostates except as a gland of pleasure. I will take the risk of sounding like your eighth grade health teacher, thank you, because what can happen to your prostate was never mentioned in any health class. Basically, only men have one and sooner or later 15 million of us will suffer from a prostate disorder that may require medical attention. This figure comes from a new



Photos by Bruce Weber from **A Guide for Men**



Illustration from **The Joy of Lesbian Sex**

paperback, **Male Trouble—A New Focus on the Prostate** by Gilbert Cant, (Jove/HBJ Publications, New York, 1977, paper, 128 pp., $1.75), which will soon be making its way to local drugstores, supermarkets, and bookstores. But don't look for any special treatment of gay men's prostates just because you may think that, although we might use it more than heterosexual men, we would deserve a paragraph. What is the prostate? ". . .the prostate is an enormously complex chemical factory, producing both enzymes and hormones." The urological thesis that the gland's function is to produce a lubricating fluid to transport sperm cells during sex is now dated and inaccurate. The book is useful for detailing symptoms, kinds of infections, and operating terms and procedures, as well as new techniques for treatment. But you would have to consult the Encyclopaedia Americana, Vol. 22, as I did, to discover what many of us already know: "In chronic cases (of prostate disorders) prostatic massage by rectum is markedly helpful in relieving symptoms."

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Guidelines for Equal Treatment of the Sexes in McGraw-Hill Book Company Publications is an important recognition by one of the country's largest textbook publishers that desexing language, while certainly politically desirable, also has its place as a profit motive. Corporations do not make policy decisions that will hinder their ability to make money. This booklet, intended as a guide for teaching materials, reference works, and nonfiction works in general, is applicable in daily life as well as in daily writing. Four chapters break down the booklet into sections called "Roles of Men and Women," "Portrayals: Human Terms," "Language Considerations," and "Parallel Treatment." "Yes" and "No" columns in each category give examples with helpful alternatives to such words as congressman, statesman, and alternative forms of sentences like: "The average American drinks his coffee black." This political tract, gentle in tone and wise in thinking, also makes good business sense. Single copies free. Available by writing to: Guidelines, Public Affairs Department, McGraw-Hill, Inc., 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY, 10020.

.

After a time when most women have discovered they don't need to make themselves into copies of Hollywood stars with make-up and girdles to attract each other or men or simply to feel good about themselves, someone has decided that now it's the men's turn. There was some breakthrough, courtesy of feminism, that caused the land to shake with the sound of millions of Estee Lauder and Avon bottles hitting the junkpile. According to a press release on **Looking Good** by Charles Hix (Hawthorn Books, New York, 1977, 219 pp., hardbound, $14.95, photographs by Bruce

Weber), "Today's man has got to be taught the basic grooming secrets most women learned at their mother's knee." Well, my mother said that as long as you washed your face and that place behind your ears and had everything tucked in, the world wouldn't care. This book is filled with beautiful men, unshaven faces, craggy cheeks, and bulging levi crotches (which illustrate, somehow, an article on genital odor). These men are illustrations, goals, to what can happen to you if you follow the guidlines in the book. But who for a moment thinks that physical beauty combined with youth needs improvement? If you got it, you got it, and if you don't, no fifteen dollar book is going to get it for you. There are some helpful hints on getting a better shave but nothing that isn't common sense. In a recent **New York Times Magazine** article, author Hix denied writing the book specifically for a gay audience. Perhaps he thinks, though, that gay men will buy anything that promises youth and beauty. Being an objectified sexual object may be pleasant and ego-satisfying once or twice, but **Looking Good** would have you make a career of it.

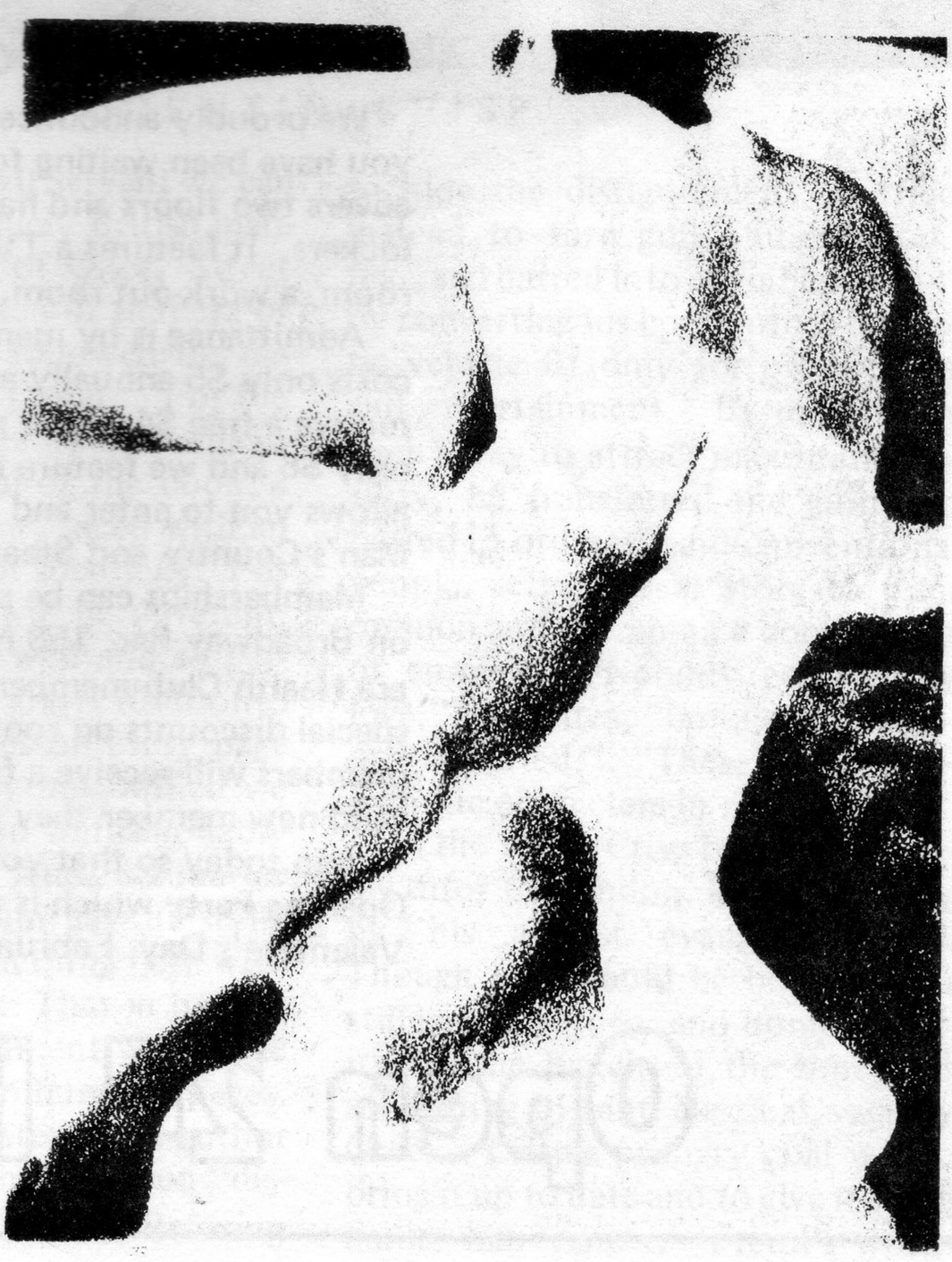
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The Joy of Lesbian Sex (223 pp.) and **The Joy of Gay Sex** (239 pp., both from Crown Publishers, New York, 1977, hardbound, $12.95) are affectionate, warm manuals of not only sex techniques but of handling your emotions. In each case, Dr. Emily Sisley and Bertha Harris with . . .**Lesbian Sex** and Dr. Charles Silverstein and Edmund White with . . .**Gay Sex**, the combination of novelist and medical authority works well. The books are something you wouldn't be afraid to give someone you brought out or someone you know who's only recently out. And they're not bad for brushing up for yourself.

.

In the Mail: "Jump Cut, A Review of Contemporary Cinema," Number 16, $.75, has a Special Section on Gay Men & Film which analyzes **A Very Natural Thing, The Naked Civil Servant, Who Are We?**, "Homosexuality and Film Noir", Bertolucci, Fassbinder, and Pasolini. The editorial tone of the paper itself is radical left–Marxist and popular movies are examined from this angle. The Special Section is a remarkable, well-thought out examination of gay men and their place in films, in films made by gays and in films about gays. Gays in general have had short shrift from socialists-Marxists-Communists to the point of being told we are a symptom of the decadent burgeois capitalist system. An editorial statement at the end of the Special Section sets the record straight and clearly outlines the connection between feminism, the Left's struggle against the patriarchy, gay rights and the necessity for all these. Far from being patronizing, this statement of intent needs to be read and absorbed.





Illustrations from **The Joy of Gay Sex**

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REVIEW

The Naked Civil Servant by Quentin Crisp. Preface by Michael Holtoyd. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, New York, 1977, $7.95.

Reviewed by Lee C. Rice

The Naked Civil Servant first appeared in the United Kingdom in 1968, and was widely reviewed there at the time. Simon Gray (reviewer for **The Listener**) called it "a brave little tale," **The Observer** dubbed it as "charming", and **The Sunday Times** gave it high marks for candor. The discomfort of critics who disliked the book was greater, however, than the tepidity of those who did. **The Times Literary Supplement**, revolted by "the intolerable arch and jaunty manner," read it "with total absence of compassion"; and **Punch** referred to it as a book "full of self-pity." **The Scotsman** optimistically placed it among the week's best fiction, and only Irish reviewers were able to recognize its bleak wit and insight.

Crisp had been known by sight or rumor to his British audience long before the appearance of the book, which perhaps functioned as a post-game summary; whereas, for American readers, it will come close to serving as an introduction. In the fall of 1976 a dramatic documentary of Crisp's life did blaze momentarily across American television screens, and was the subject of some brief interest among the literary jetset here. To those who saw the documentary the book can provide the why and the wherefore of the chronicle—the internal reflections which form the oft missing glue holding together however tenously, the stream of isolated events. We shall never meet Crisp in any case, since he doesn't believe in "abroad" except as a nightmare place where people make absurd sounds only faintly resembling English; and his concept of foreign travel is a trip from London to High Wycombe (about 40 kms away).

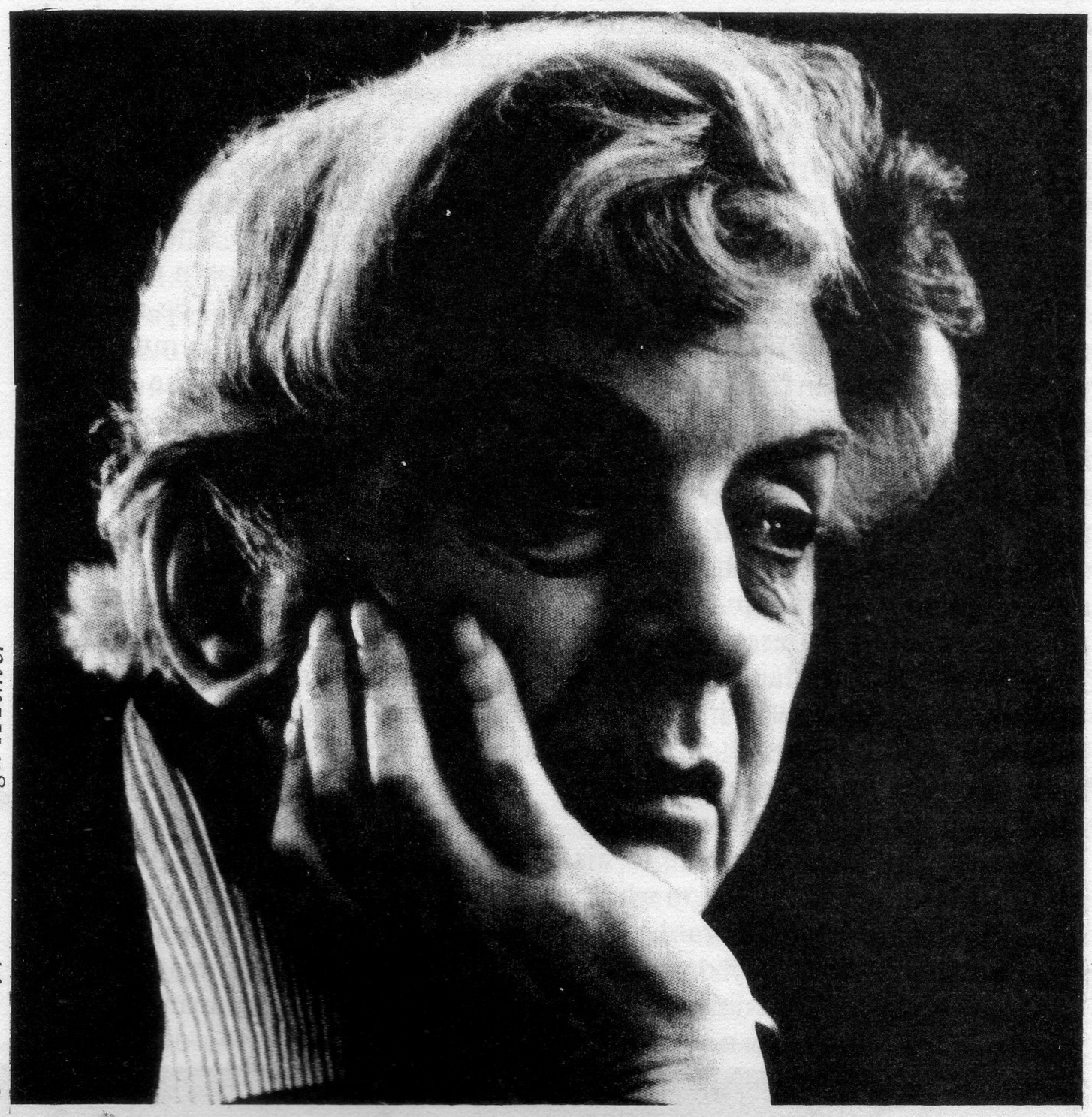


photo by Rachel Gough Azimer

QUENTIN CRISP

In **The Naked Civil Servant** we can see Crisp as a uniquely British institution, the Queen of Queer Street and a vivid incarnation of that era of eccentricity which followed the decline of the British Empire. For the nongay American reader that will be about the sum total of the book; a chapter of past history laced with an occasional twittle of sociology. For gays the situation will be different, for Crisp writes so well and so personally that his life grafts itself onto ours. He challenges on every page our response to anything which we think is deeply and unfashionably nonconventional. And, no matter where we are within gay lifestyle, Crisp will have something here with which to offend us. That in itself is no mean accomplishment within the purview of only two hundred pages.

In his opening sentence the author refers to himself as having been "disfigured" by homosexuality. Refusing to hide the disfigurement, he tried instead to turn guilt, humiliation, fear, and hatred into enviable assets—by converting his body into a fantastic vehicle fit only for propaganda and entertainment. By dressing in such a way to attract maximum hostility, he transferred the guilt and hatred to ordinary and conventional people, setting great store to their opinion and becoming a connoisseur of enmity. "Nobody escapes my love," he writes, "but almost everyone has tried." "There are no sympathetic characters in real life."

In the 1920s Crisp became a walking tutor to London, kept alive only by his almost evangelical zeal. Though girls could be boyish, men still had to be men; and homosexuality, in the Britain of the time, was something distant, classical, vaguely Greek. Crisp's primary goal was to bring it up to date and to give it a bad name—like cancer. Freud's works

were then being translated into English, and sentiments of reform were on the way; so, as the climate changed, Crisp jumped off the bandwagon and switched from reform to entertainment.

Since the war Crisp's vehicle has apparently overshot its mark. By the 1960s fancy dress, the semi-drag of the 1920s, was *de rigueur*, and what was formerly blatant gay was now run-of-the-mill straight. It has only been by advertising himself as a grotesque and aging caricature of the new "straight" teenager that Crisp succeeded in attracting the amount of contempt which he desired. The book stops in 1967, the year in which legislation in accordance with the Wolfenden Report was introduced in Commons. The legal relaxation came too late to make much difference to Crisp, though, as he intimates, it did offer an obstacle to his gaining that state of alienation which he continues to see as desirable.

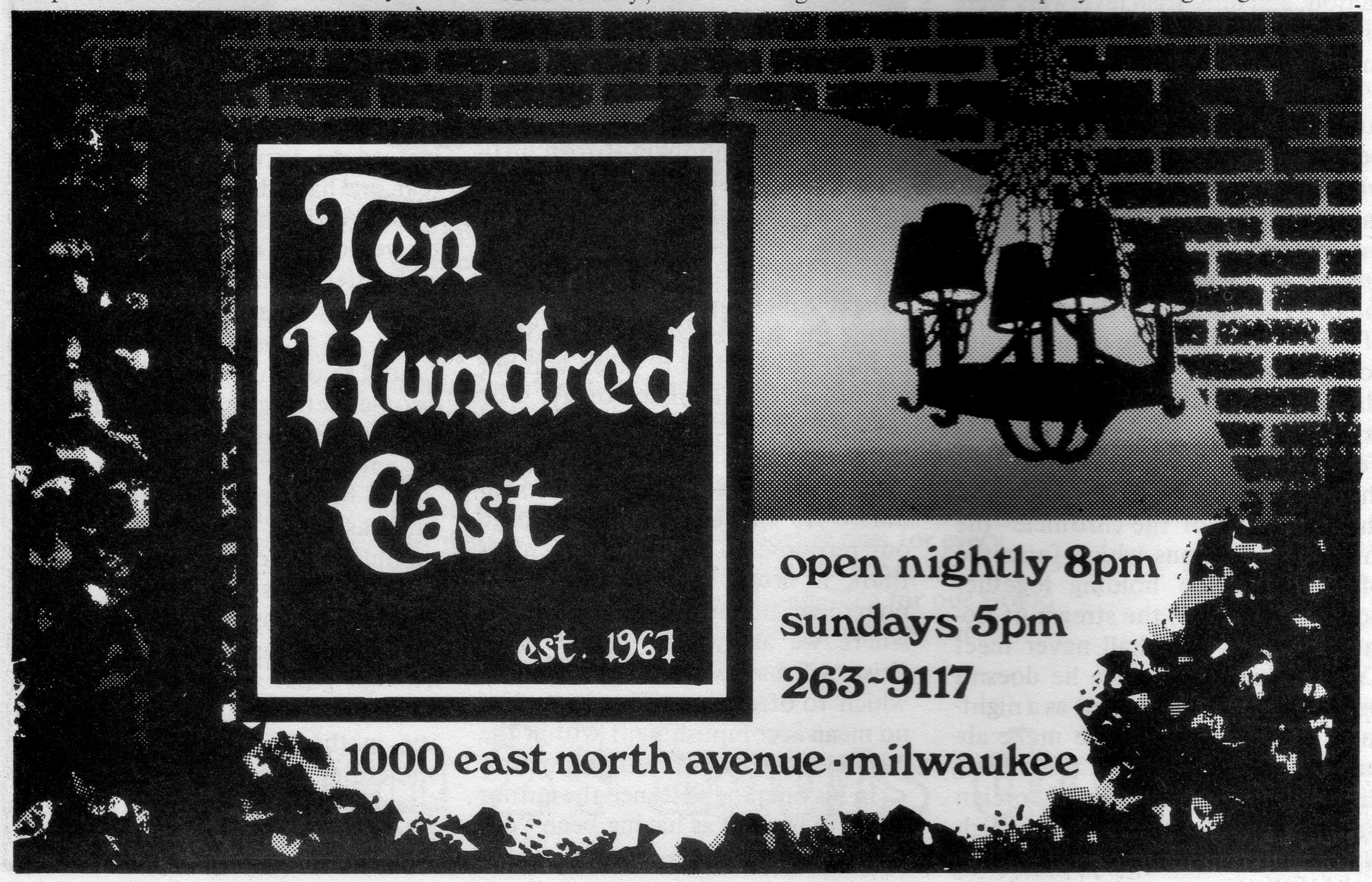
About love, within gay or nongay lifestyles, Crisp has nothing but contempt. "Masturbation is not only an expression of self-regard; it is also the natural emotional outlet of those who. . .have already accepted as inevitable the wide gulf between their real futures and the expectations of their fantasies." Upon religious instruction he heaps similar judgements. "Vice is its own reward. It is virtue which, if it is to be marketed with consumer appeal, must carry Green Shield stamps. The greenest of these is the 'sweet bye-and-bye.' For me this stamp is not negotiable. The one thing I would not wish on my worst enemy is eternal life."

The contempt which Crisp offers to the straight attitudes of his time does not change to admiration when he reflects upon the gay culture itself. "The strange thing about 'camp' is that it has become fossilized. The mannerisms have never changed. If I were now to see a woman with her knees clamped together, one hand on her hip and the other lightly touching her back hair, I should think, 'Either she scored her last social triumph in 1926 or it is a man in drag.'"

And finally, on the drag culture itself. "Perhaps 'camp' is set in the twenties because after that differences between the sexes. . .began to fade. This of course has never mattered to women in the least. They know they are women. To homosexuals who must, with every breath they draw, with every step they take, demonstrate that they are feminine, it is frustrating. They look back in sorrow to that more formal era and try to relive it."

For the liberationist or intellectual reader there will be an almost unavoidable tendency to pick up scraps and pieces of Crisp's exposition with a view toward extrapolating moral lessons by way of generalizations. That is precisely what the author's aphoristic style and humorous universal contempt are designed to preclude. It is, nevertheless, worth the effort to pick out a few misreadings in advance; for the very attempt to misread carries its own lessons to our time.

One easy misreading will find in Crisp's book a testament to the social bankruptcy of drag in general. In-



deed the pictures which he paints of the drags of his time are not noticeably different from the contemporary scene—even the conversations have not changed (do they ever?). One can still wander into the drag bars of London and find the same tired drag queens engaged in the same conversations of a decade before—all that has changed is the price of a pint of bitters. To see this as an indictment of drag is to see only half the picture, for Crisp insists that drag is a necessary component of gay society: it is at best (or worst) a symptom and not a disease.

Against the pretensions of gay-liberation for acceptance and normality, another interpretation easy to foister upon the narrative, the entire thrust of the book is opposed. Distant admiration for nongay "normality" is a component of the Crisp psyche; but admiration does not entail imitation, and being swallowed up is a greater evil for him than being an outcast. Detachment, intellectual and emotional, is here a value, rather than something to be overcome.

Finally, the Biebers and neo-Freudians will find here a testimonial to the implicit narcissism of all things gay; for it can be said in truth that Crisp's one love affair was and is with himself. Here again, however, the rush to generalization is the big error. Crisp's is a personal narrative, chronicling the unwinding of personal decisions, not a recipe, less a treatise on social theory. To accept it on precisely this footing is probably the major challenge which he offers to his reader.

To see Crisp as a person rather than a prototype, and at the same time to be able to enter intimately that corner of the gay consciousness which he explores: this is the challenge of accepting the other, but precisely as other. Taking up the challenge means accepting that we are all different, and that the highest values adopted by one of us may appear as a personal disvalue to others. If there is any lesson here, then that is it.

Beyond the lessons, and for those who do not choose to seek them, the book is also rich in the knowledge and atmosphere of our not-too-distant gay past. Those of us familiar with gay London of today, which is a colony of gay America, may well wish to see it in the clearer light of its noncolonial past. Fitzrovia with its pubs and dingy cafes—that kingdom described with perhaps greater detachment by Roland Camberton in his novel **Scamp**—is in a different part of the universe from the Earls Court or Soho of our own day. Dark shop entrances have given way to saunas, dingy tea-rooms to discos, and the bizarre but creative idioms of past gay culture have given way to the respectable idiom of social reform. I should be the last to deny that some good has come in all of this, provided that it does not make us oblivious to our own gay roots. Respectability has its own myopic and anaesthetic effects, and we would all do well to keep a keen eye trained on our past.

THE BALL GAME

196 South Second

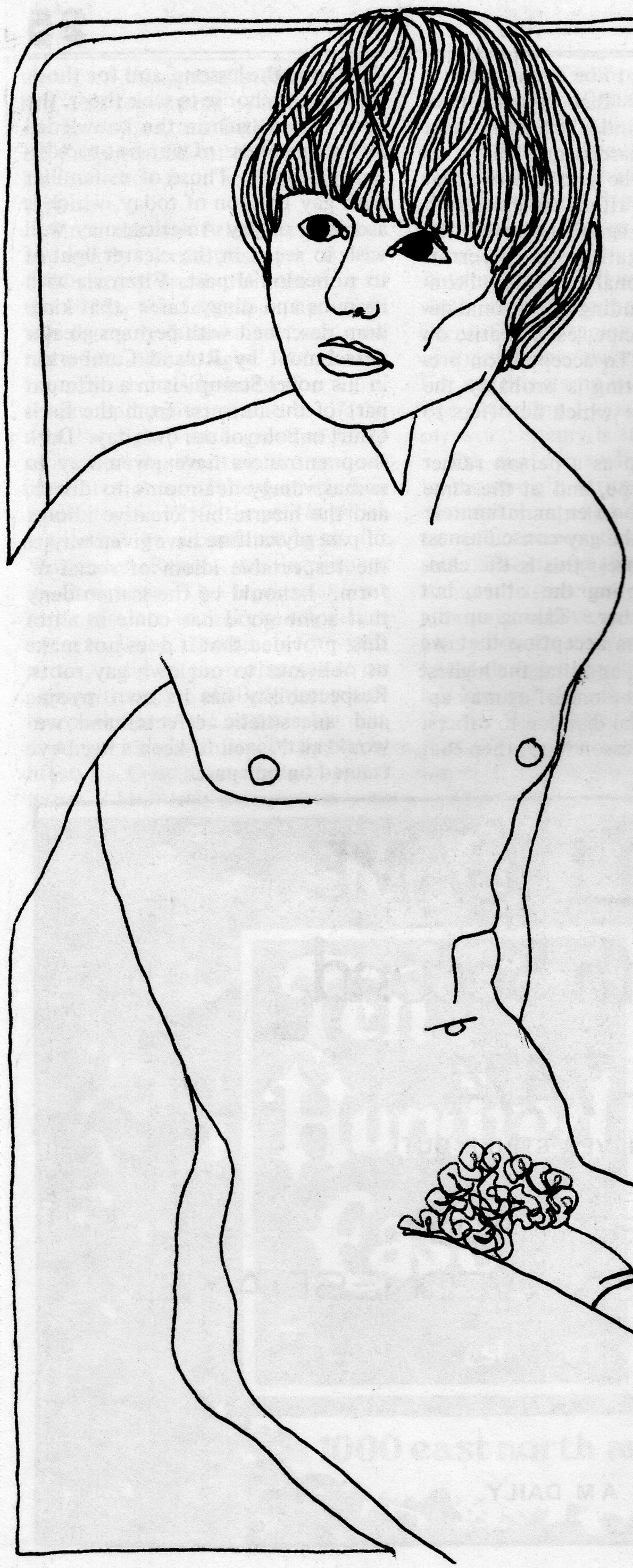
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WHERE YOU'LL NEVER STRIKE OUT!

TAP BEER 30c

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OPEN 11 A M DAILY



POEMS

SONG FOR STEVE

Perhaps we were destined
to become nothing more
than two common names
Exchanging bits of gossip
through a common friend.

Perhaps the time was wrong
to share a word or two.
The day was not right,
a greeting not sufficient
to involve me, with you.

Perhaps, my friend,
your mother knew
the likeness of our lives
and forbade involvement
of me, with you.

THE HITCHHIKER

I picked him up,
three miles from where I now sit.
Put his dirty pack in the back seat,
(if I decided it wasn't worth it,
there would be a quick exit.)

Spoke endless chatter,
about getting rides,
about the weather.

He said something,
about meeting
strange people
while on the road.

He smiled
when I laid my hand
on his thigh.

BY RANDY SMALLWOOD

SECOND SHOW AT THE SWEET GUM HEAD BAR
(for Ted)

Arrival of a second season,
beacon to those weary of the first,
gently waving limbs,
like fine silk,
drifting down your thighs.
Miming E. J. records
in black lamè
lips glittered silver,
thigh gatered velvet.
At curtain call your hard crotch
sparkled a thousand ideas
into my drunken mind.

THOUGHTS IN EARLY MORNING

At three o'clock a.m.
a pitch of reverent darkness. . .
We would not have dismissed
the fervent mesmerism
of our father's teachings.
So blind,
So ignorant,
Heeding a call
to fulfill another's desire.
Had we been children,
. . .define it innocence.
Had we been youths,
. . .define it carelessness.
Had we been true to ourselves,
. . .define it love.

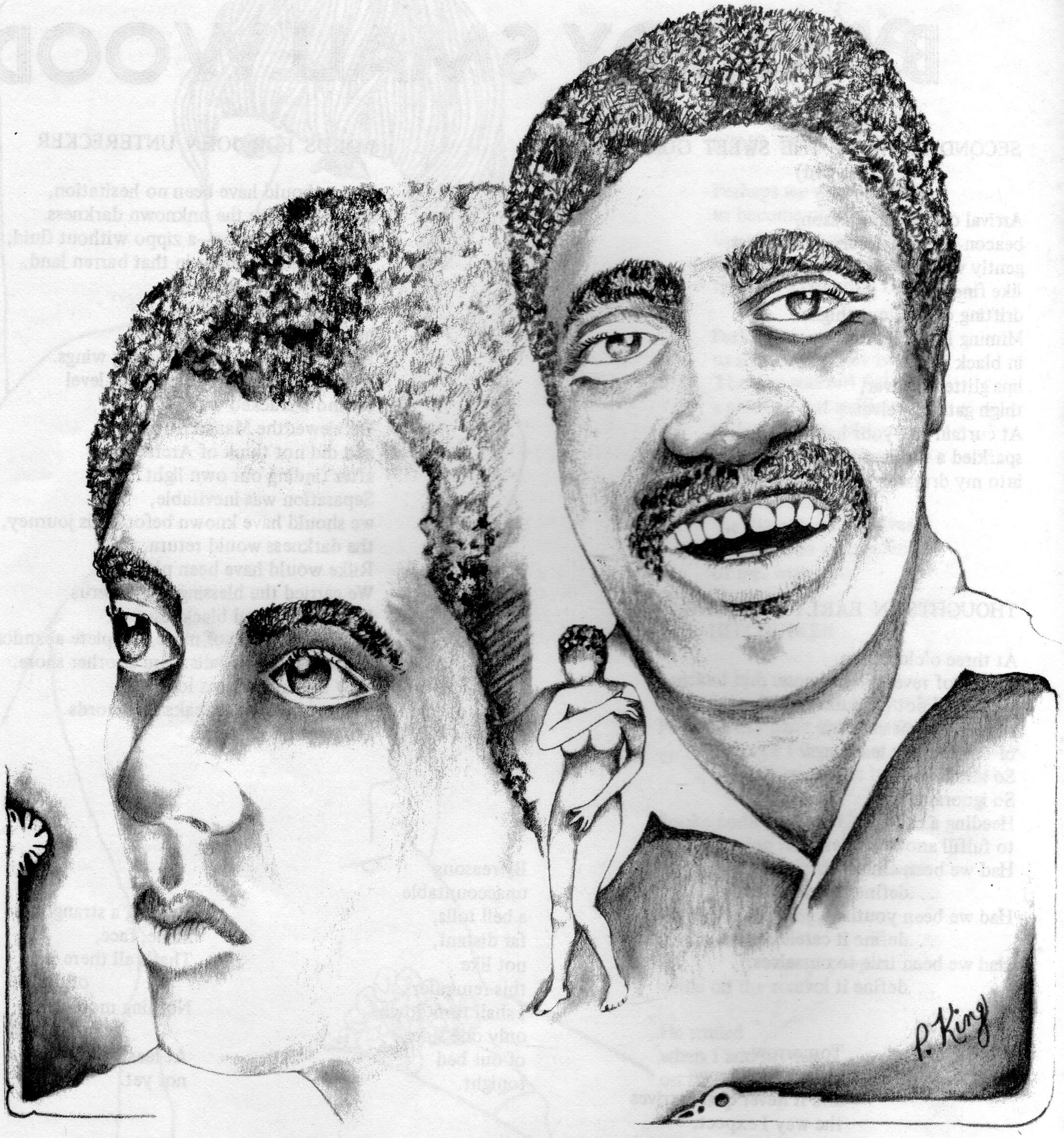
Tomorrow—
always tomorrow—
and it never quite arrives
the way I expect.
Like a soldier quietly
sneaking through. . .
Pitch dark
no tracks
no signs
nothing
to follow.

WORDS FOR JOHN UNTERECKER

There should have been no hesitation,
a light to shine the unknown darkness.
Our one possession—a zippo without fluid,
There were no lamps in that barren land.
We entered not knowing,
feeling textures,
hurtling through a forest
to escape the sound of beating wings.
We groped our way to a higher level
to find a cracked wall,
We viewedthe Manoa Stream
and did not think of Arcturus,
after finding our own light.
Separation was inevitable,
we should have known before this journey,
the darkness would return.
Rilke would have been pleased,
We carried the blessing of Arcturus
into that second blackness,
Desiring textures of more complete abandon.
Then I answered calls from another shore.
Now my lamp burns long,
and your shadow speaks soft words
as we praise Arcturus.

By reasons
unaccountable
a bell tolls,
far distant,
not like
this reminder
I shall turn down
only one side
of our bed
tonight.

Meeting a stranger,
name, face,
That's all there is
of unity.
Nothing more
than that,
At least,
not yet.



A MEASURE BY JUNE

FICTION BY S. DIANE BOGUS

"June?" I said after he'd told me his name. "You mean like Junebug?" I knew lots of boys with such a nickname.

"Naw," he grinned, baring those brilliant white teeth which made more handsome his tar black face. "Not Junebug, just plain June. June Johnson. I was born in June so my mama named me June. Now say you'll meet me on the football field at lunch."

I looked down at the presumptuous grip that he had on my elbow, then back to his Cheshire face. "June?" I repeated. "What kind of name is that for a boy?"

That was high school. I was a freshie, a naive, untampered fourteen. I was a she who envied other girls' attractiveness, but was helplessly unconscious of her own. I was the she whose very attractiveness June had coveted from gym day one.

Our Birmingham, Alabama high school had been built large to accomodate a large student body. But with so few Black high schools to serve huge Negro communities, even it was overcrowded. So, in gym, while some boys' classes were always being held outside, others, for boys and girls were held inside. For sure a division had been made.

Down the hardwood basketball court, where the Home scoreboard hung, the boys exercised and learned skills. At the Visitors' end, we girls did the same. A maroon line, drawn to mark the gym's half way point, definitively set our co-educational boundaries.

No boy was to cross to our side, and no girl was to cross to theirs. Violation meant swats, or worse, suspension.

On the day that I crossed, I'd thought that the boys would fearfully, protectively shoo me back. Instead, they received me like I was a turkey strutting into the Pilgrims' Thanksgiving camp.

"We've got a Vi-si-tor!" June, (whom I didn't know), shouted. He rubbed his hands together like the turkey he was seeing had already been plucked, roasted, and readied.

The other boys cheered, "Juicy, juicy!" Hey Miss Fine!" They whistled and clapped.

Embarrassed only to have had to come in front of all those people, I veritably whispered to their coach, "Our teacher wants to know if you'd like to bring your class over to do square dances with us."

Instead of answering "yes," or "no," their gym teacher took time to write a note, (which to this day I believe he did on purpose). While he did so, I stood there barely clad in my blousey, blue gym suit.

Though it fit loosely enough, it had a belted waist and elastic thigh bands. My tembling legs sprouted through the suit's tight leg holes and ran naked to the doughnut roll of my bobby socks. Above my waist, my heretofore considerate breast just then enunciated their ampleness, and I stood there becoming conscious of a body I didn't know I had, and awakening to the eyes of maleness.

The teacher finally handed me the note; I took it and hurried back to our side. I had barely given it to my instructor before the boys flooded over and were laying claim to desirable partners.

June must have giant-stepped to get to me. When I turned to join the class, he was at my side, taking acquisitional hold of my waist. "It's me and you, baby," he said.

"I'm not your baby!" I snapped and tried to pull away.

"Aw, now you're going to try to play hard-to-get when you know you already like that I came all the way over here for you." He flashed a cozening smile and winked.

"I'm not, and I don't!" I tried not to smile, but I couldn't help it. Although his coming for me was a compliment, and did indeed make me want to dance with him, I hadn't had time to really think about it. Besides, it was funny that he could act so cool and familiar when he didn't even know me.

"What's your name, Miss Fine?"

Just then the teacher started giving us instructions, and like I was his to do with as he pleased, June drove me to a spot in the circle that had been formed. "Come on, tell me your name, Miss Fine."

This boy had some nerve, treating me like he owned me! I ignored him and really listened to the dance instructions.

"Come on," he said giving my crossed forearms a little pinch. "Tell me your name."

I pulled my arm to my side and glared at him.

"You're really not playing, huh?" His charcoal face clouded so sincerely.

"No!" I was about to tell him, "and keep your hands off of me," but the music started and all the boys stepped behind the girls, placing their left arms around the girls' waists. Then taking their hands, they extended them outwardly. The reel began.

When it was all over, June had to talk fast before all the boys went to their showers. "Quick, tell me your name, baby."

"I'm not your baby," I started to walk off. All the girls in my class were heading into the shower room.

"Then, I'm gon' call you, Movie Star, 'cause you look like one of them fine chicks in the movies." He ran after me, caught my arm and held me. "Come on, tell me your name, Miss Fine Movie Star." He looked me over and ran his tongue across his lips.

"How old are you boy?" I couldn't believe he was a real boy. He acted so mannish.

"Tell me your name; I'll tell you my age."

"Johnson!" his teacher called from down the Home side. "Get your chocolate butt over here!"

"Sucker'd better not have called me black," June muttered under his breath, but yelled aloud, "Okay, Coach!" Giving my arm an urgent squeeze, he said, "Hurry, tell me your name!"

"Vy," I said, moving away, scared for him and me.

"Vy what?" He hadn't moved toward his end of the gym.

"Don't hurry, Johnson," his teacher called from the door that led into the boys' showers. "When you do get down here, I've got something for you!"

"Well, if that's the case," June mumbled indifferently, and turned back to me.

I looked warily around for my teacher. She and all the girls had gone into the showers.

"My name's Vy Harris." I hurried to the doorway, and leaning out I said, "You'd better go; you're in trouble."

Foolhardily, he followed. He took my wrist and elbow. "My name's June. I'm sixteen."

I had just finished marvelling over his name when I saw his teacher storming toward us brandishing a paddle that could have rowed a small canoe. "Uh-oh!"

Within seconds, he reached June, drew back and gave him an enraged swat on the behind. "I've told you Johnson; there's only four men in this gym, and they're all teachers. Now get your grown, black butt on back to the showers. And you, young lady, better go on and get dressed!"

Intimidated, I disappeared inside, but even as he scampered to his end, sure to get more swats, June yelled back to me, "See you on the field at lunch!"

As poor a start as it was, June and I surreptitiously courted all through that Alabama time when I could not "receive company" (date in the livingroom). My mama's old fashioned reasoning was that "boys and books don't mix" and receiving company had to wait until after high school.

So, fool that youth made me, I sneaked here and there to be with him, or missed the school bus home to have more time to stand and talk to him, and more and more, his black magic face and Cheshire grin drew me toward my first sexual experience.

In his parents' empty, workaday house, June moaned, "oooh, baby," as he ran his manlike hands over my naked, pimply-cold body. "You sho got something them other girls ain't. I knew you looked this good!" He had me standing before him while he knelt on a Shakespearean knee maturely tongue-touching my goosey flesh. When he got to my pubic area, he encouraged me to lie on his roll-away bed which had been bolstered and covered to look like a sofa. Once I was lying down, he licked his lips hungrily. "I sho nuff want to taste you, Vy!"

"Taste me?" My mind jumped into a hysteria. "But that's nasty, June, and you're nasty to say you want to. Why would you want to put your mouth on me down there?"

"Cause I know it's going to taste good," he said leaning over me on all fours, taking a fresh-baked-apple-pie whiff. "Goodness," he congratulated, "that smells so good!"

"June!" I quavered, tears defending my virgin-consciousness, "I don't want to do that! I don't want to do **it**! Let me go home, please!"

"But, baby, I just want to prove I love you. They say if a man'll do this for a woman, he sho nuff in love. And I'm sho nuff a man who's sho nuff in love with you, Vy."

"But, June, you ain't no man. You're a boy. A sixteen-year-old boy, and you're acting like...like..." The words to describe June's carnal knowledge were not known to me. "Just let me go home!" I bawled.

For me that was a big, sinful sex act. On the lonely bus ride home, I thought myself filth, a whore, the lowest slut. I had let a boy see me naked. I had let him do things and almost committed fornication. If my mother knew, I'd be at the church altar praying for forgiveness for the next three months of Sundays.

So sin-sick was I that I confessed it to my best friend. She frowned and damned me as I wished, and in her silent house, from which her parents were work absent, she hugged me close when I started to cry.

"How did he say he was going to do it?" she pitied, empathetic tears rolling down her face.

"He didn't say," I whispered coarsely, my tears drowning my voice.

"And you had all your clothes off?" she asked in a quiet, but curious voice.

I couldn't tell if she was still crying too, for I remained huddled into her shoulder. How could I face her? Here she was still so pure, so Christian a girl, and here I was a flawed, sinful woman. "I didn't want to take them off at first," I cried, hoping that my reluctance could serve as a point toward penitence.

"You both were butt-naked?" she double checked.

"But I was real cold, so cold that I had goose-pimples."

"And how were you standing before he said he wanted to taste it?"

"In front of him." I sat up now and looked into her face. Not only were there no tears on her face, but her face had changed from sympathetic and sisterly to something curiously as hungry as June's had been. Somehow though, hers was softer, more appealing, arousing.

"Show me." She moved away from me and waited.

"I can't," I said with what I thought was embarrassment welling up inside of me like a hot vapor.

"You were going to let him do it to you," she charged, "but all I want to see is how you were standing!"

Goaded by my guilt, and in need of her absolution, I slowly stood and reenacted my upright, unsexual stance. I even wrapped my arms around my breasts and shoulders to indicate how cold I was.

"That don't look right," she assessed and made a bored face.

I needed to please her, to be forgiven, after all, we were sisters, best, best, best friends. We were going to get married at the same time, have a double ceremony, and when we had babies, I would name my daughter after her, and she'd name her daughter after me.

"But this is how I looked," I contended.

"Except one thing," she intimated.

Stunned, but feeling my heart thumping at the prospect, I barely kept from stammering, "You want me to take off my clothes?"

"Will you?" she begged. "I mean, I just want to see."

"And you won't be mad at me for doing it for him?"

"I promise."

I took them off—with my eyes closed. After a long silence, wherein she said nothing, I asked, with my eyes still squeezed shut, "Well, can I put them back on now?"

"I want to lick you," I heard her say.

Instantly my mouth felt like I had been eating dried apricots. My heart thumped, thumped, thundered! "But it's nasty, and you know what comes from there..."

"I want to," she grew stronger.

Surprising myself, I turned the fearful tables, "Let me do you first..."

What could have changed between June and me? Nothing. Rationally, I made myself see that a girl my age had to do **something**, and my mother wasn't jiving about me not "gettin' full of some boy's baby!" That was sho nuff out, and so was any tease that would lead me and June to that end. But while having sex with June was avoidable, June's enchanting grin, and possessive presence at school were inescapable. Besides, who wanted to escape? I liked June's style.

And like a department store mannequin, June had style. He managed to be the best dressed boy at school, plus be the one with the most spending change. He'd hop the field fence at lunch and go to buy me gourmet burgers and fries. Frequently, he'd buy records for me that I'd have to sneak home wrapped in my gym clothes.

On the lonely week-ends, when seeing him was impossible, my best friend and I would intimately nestle in my room and moon over the love tunes that he'd bought me. We'd pretend that we were each the other's absent boyfriend, cloaking, all the time, our Sapphic exchange.

It turned out that the majority of June's gifts were bought with stolen money. Money that he took from his father's gas station cash drawer. Money that made June's part-time check look like his father's full-time earnings.

His father put him out, disowned him. June quit school, a

fact I didn't learn until three weeks before summer vacation, and only did I learn it when I couldn't stand his daily absence at school nor the fact that he no longer had his sister call me for him, (in order to throw off my mother, if she answered.)

I finally called him from my best friend's house and his sister was breaking it to me gently when his father took the phone and told me flatly: "That nigger ain't nothing, and ain't gon get to be nothing! You'd best keep on with your education, Little Miss, and forget that ol' half-slick June!"

Like a soap opera heroine, I was shattered, and my best friend comforted me the only way she knew how.

From time to time, I'd get letters from a nomad June, via his sister. He'd write attesting his undying love, telling me that I was still his woman, that he'd be back for me, that he was getting it together. But that summer after our sophomore year turned into my junior year, and summer again, and school again, until many secret boyfriends, but no new best friend later, I arrived at my graduation. Who should show but June?

He didn't look any different, taller, but no different. He was as black as ever with those dark, indented eyes, set under his prominent, but squarish forehead. He still had a Caesarian nose, and yes, that smile, that cozening smile.

He came up to me after the ceremony as I stood talking to some of my classmates. And like the June he was, he did not excuse his kingly right to take my waist and guide me away from the group.

"You still as fine as ever, Vy," he said, pulling me to him and soulfully French-kissing me right there in front of everybody.

"June!" I objected, straining away. "We haven't seen each other in a long time!" What I think I meant to convey was "things aren't the same; don't kiss me!" It didn't carry for June said:

"I know it, and we've got to make up for lost time."

"That time **was** lost, June, and so was what we had," my ears heard my mouth say. My mind had no advance notice.

"Aw, what you talkin' 'bout, Vy? It's still me and you, baby. I told you I was coming back for you. It ain't never really been nobody but you. I mean, I admit, I had to be a man every now and then while I was gone, but I'm back, sweet mama, and as soon as I run my game off on these country boys, we're going to get married."

"Get married?" I protested, shocked. "I'm going to school, June, to college." I told him the name of our hometown school to which I had been awarded a scholarship.

"That was before you knew when I was coming back, but I'm here now. Anyway, we can talk about all that later. Look, I'm coming over to your house tonight. It's time me and your mama got to know one another, especially since I'm going to be her son-in-law. . ."

"Vy?" My best friend came over. Her face was a challenge. "Your mother is ready to go." She gave June a hostile stare which he did not, (could not) read.

"Is this the same girlfriend you had when we were freshies and sophomores, Vy?"

Nervously, I told him yes.

"Then, if y'all still tight after all this time—and women don't never get along for long—then, I know we still got a good thing going. So, go on home, Vy. I'll see you tonight, about eight." He started away. "Oh, yeah," he turned back to my best friend, "Nice seeing you again."

We watched him get into a beige El Dorado.

Mimicking him, she said, " 'You go on home, Vy. I'll see you tonight'—like he could give you permission!"

For all of the stomach-knotting worry and hassle, June didn't show. Fact was I didn't hear from him until the beginning of my senior year at college. A letter came from Atmore Prison in Alabama.

In it, June said that he had been busted trying to run a game he'd learned in New York, and he was ashamed to write before now. 'Cause on the for real side, what could he say? But now that he had less than a year to serve, he'd come out and make everything up to me. He still loved me. I was the only woman he'd ever loved. Please write him back and say I still loved him too. Say that I'd marry him when his time was through.

I hid the letter from my best friend, who of course, had come to college with me. We shared the same room. We shared our studies. We shared everything. But fearing this sharing, fearing to call it by name, I made June's letter a safeguard, made it that which could secretly protest my natural evolution.

Meanwhile, I answered June, again and again, saying, "I still love you, and yes, yes, yes, my darling, we'll get married the day you get out!"

During the time that I was writing to him, my relationship with my best friend became that much more intense. Due to my secrets from her, I was more loving, more attendant, driven by guilt. In order to off-set the passion we shared, I wrote June more hungrily passionate letters.

By the time June came to the campus, one month after getting out and one week before graduation, he had made hotel reservations and was all of the traveling salesman come home to his sex-starved, closeted little woman. Now, at last, he'd show me what a man he'd always been.

" 'Cause, baby," he said, making a circle of prowess on his chest with his open palm, "if you ain't a man in prison, you'll eat raw meat, and defecate sperm."

I stood there in the lobby of the dorm looking him over. "Do you have to be so graphic?" I hid my lovelessness behind an educated front.

"I'm sorry, mama," he apologized. The hidden seriousness of his personality grayed his happy-go-lucky smile. "Dig, let's get further. I've got some man-loving for you that will make all them wishing letters you wrote come true."

Man-loving, I thought. How ironic.

Upstairs in our dorm room, my best friend raved as I packed. "A hotel! You're going to a damn hotel? I know one damn thing, if you go with him, we're through!"

"Then we're through." I accepted the ultimatum. I knew I was challenging her and our unnamed relationship. "I'm a woman," I said, "and I belong with a man. You too, remember? I'm going to work on my future daughter. What are you going to do about yours?"

I left her crying.

Howard Johnson's. A double. He had really gotten his funds together before he had come to me. He did not want to waste a hungry moment.

"I can't wait to love you, Vy," he said stripping easily, exposing his awesome maleness. Had I ever seen it? Wasn't it smaller before? Oh, yes, during our high school days when we had been playing "prove-your-love" games. There was no doubt that our lives could be measured from there. It seemed that although grown, more worldly, more determined, June had remained the same. He was as unchanged as a thirty-six inch ruler. His total self had always been defined. Yet, strangely, barring my educa-

tion, he was the very yardstick by which I could measure my growth.

I realized, as I stood fully clad before him, that since that day in the gym, I had been ever growing, sexually evolving. Unlike June, who had early been made "a man," no one had stamped me "a woman," while I was yet a girl, and for that reason, if no other, I had managed to grow, to unfold.

"Come on, baby!" he urged, whispering.

I went to the bathroom to make preparations.

He came for me when he heard me brushing my teeth.

"Aw, forget all that, Vy," he said, hefting me into his arms, and carrying me to the bed. "I wants the natural woman. I wants your mouth to taste like Vy's mouth, not like them people's toothpaste. I wants to taste and taste of you, woman!"

Having already turned back the covers, he placed me on the cool sheets. "You ain't still hung up about me tasting you, is you, Vy?"

A horde of tears stung my eyes, but I ordered them down my throat. It wasn't that I felt guilt. I felt sorrow, sorrow for him. How the man had waited. and surely he loved me, surely he wanted this one woman's womanness to complete his own total maleness, but I would have to tell him. Tell him both that I was not his woman nor what he thought a woman should be.

"June. . .June," my nerve faltered.

"That's all right, baby," he soothed, taking my emotional show for reluctance. "I'll love you so hard the other way that you'll beg for everything else."

"Then go on and love me, June," I said stoically.

"Say it again, Vy, baby." He moved to do so.

"Love me," I said, feeling the weight of his body and my debt to him.

His pleasure was immense. When it was over, his praise was for the ears of a goddess. His dreams were of a brick home and "twenty little, black Vys and Junebugs" running around. "And Vy, honey, I'm going to make you happy. I ain't going to steal or cuss or none of that, so you don't have to worry about me embarrassing you. I know you've got education and class, mama, and a man needs a woman who can handle it when he ain't able. So, as soon as I get a job, you can quit teaching and– "

The entire conversation that ensued was a replay of the past.

"I don't plan to teach, June. I plan to go to graduate school."

"But that's all changed, Vy. You said in your letters that you were going to be my wife."

"I'm not, June. I'm not going to be your wife."

Incredulous, he propped up on one elbow. "What is you saying, woman?" He was suddenly a warrior.

"I'm not going to marry you, June. I have other plans."

"Hey, hey, mama. Be on the for real side. This ain't no time to play. I got everything all planned. When you graduate, we gon' already be married, and we gon' move in with this partner of mine–just until we get on our feet now–and you'll get a jive teaching job. Meanwhile, I'll try to find something cool to do that'll bring in big dust so that we can live in style. Now, don't be doing that old, jive, high school stuff and change your mind, 'cause you promised, mama, and like that's for real."

"I'm funny, June," I said, my throat twitching.

"Damn-skippy," he swore, "so let's cut the jokes and get our program together!"

"Did you hear what I said?" I know I screamed.

"Yeah, you said you were–funny? Aw, aw," he fell back on the bed. He had grasped my meaning, but his face said that it was not true. It wasn't true! He began to laugh a deep, tear-bringing laugh. "You?" he said in between laughs. "Fine you? Aw, Vy, you've got to do better than that!"

"What do you mean, do better than that?"

"I mean, I know you feel funny about marrying a con and all, especially since I don't even have no high school diploma, but damn, we can work that out. Remember, mama, it's always been me and you; right from the jump, remember? You plus me, magnets and all that, remember?" His eyes pleaded, his smile threatened to die.

"You want to hear something other than what I've told you, don't you?" I couldn't believe my own audacity. "You want me to say I don't want you because we're not equals, but I'm not saying that, June. I'm not."

He sat all the way up in the bed. "Vy, how the hell can you still be playing ole, jive, kid games? We ain't kids no more."

"June, I'm a bull dagger, dig it? I like women!"

Disillusioned and angry, he slapped me as hard as he could, and climbed vehemently from the bed. He dressed like a man possessed, muttering and cursing as he did so. "Well," he snorted leaving, "I hope it all tastes as good as yours!"

When I got back to the dorm, my best friend had checked out, gone home. I was surprised and hurt, but what did I expect?

Ten years and four major women later, I had stationed myself 3000 California miles from Alabama. I was teaching at City College and working with a feminist consciousness raising group on the side. I was two summers into a powerful and undiminishing relationship, and I was happy.



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HERE & THERE

Los Angeles, CA—The City Council here approved additional funding for the Gay Community Services Center for 1978. The present allotment is $700,000 for the support of nine of the Center's fifteen programs. The Council granted $119,000 for three further programs, and alloted $47,000 for five jobs for "women serving women."

San Francisco Sentinel

Elgin, IL—The Fox Valley Gay Association celebrated its third anniversary on January 28 with a potluck dinner. F.V.G.A. publishes a newsletter, operates a gay hotline, and sponsors meetings and special rap sessions on a weekly basis.

Fox Tales

NYC, NY—The United Nations is working on an international equal rights convention which would make discrimination against women illegal throughout the world. The convention, being drafted by U.N. delegates from over two dozen countries, is expected to meet early in 1979. Sanctions will be sought against nations which discriminate against women.

Gaysweek

Havana, Cuba—An official of the Cuban government recently explained that homosexuals face disfavor not as counter-revolutionaries, but as "antisocial", since they engage in behavior prohibited by society, "like thieves." The official added that "they have no problem if they work well, but they must be discreet and quiet in their jobs."

New York Times

NYC, NY—John Rechy's **Sexual Outlaw** has been issued in paperback format by Dell Publishers ($2.25 / No. 17667-0). The book, reviewed in an earlier issue of GPU NEWS, presents explicit detail of life in the west coast sexual underground, and argues that hustling is a form of revolutionary activity.

Press Release

NYC, NY—Comite Homosexuale Latino-Americano (COHLA) recently announced the first public meeting of a gay Latin group ever held in New York City. The group has been meeting privately in members' homes since September of 1977. Its first public meeting was held on January 9 at the West Side Center.

Gaysweek

Albany, NY—John Nehrich has been hired full-time by the NY State Coalition of Gay Organizations as its lobbyist for the 1978 legislative session. Nehrich, who is one of the editors of the Capitol Area Coalition for Human Rights Newsletter, served in 1977 as a NYSCGO part-time volunteer lobbyist.

Gaysweek

Barcelona, Spain—The Early Homosexual Rights Movement (1864-1935), by John Lauritsen and David Thorstad (Times Change Press, 1974) has now appeared in an attractive pocket-sized Spanish edition under the title "Los primeros movimientos en favor de los rechos homosexuales." This makes it one of the first books on gay liberation to be published in Spain following the Franco era. The Spanish publisher is Tusquets, a widely renowned publisher with a distribution network in Latin America as well as Spain. The book has also appeared in Italian (LaSalamandra, 1976) under the title "Gay, gay: storia e coscienza omosessuale." The Tusquets edition, containing a preface by the Spanish poet Juan Gil-Albert, lists at 225 pesetas (about U.S. $2.80). For orders and information write Tusquets Editor, Iradier 24, bajos, Barcelona 17, Spain.

Press Release

NYC, NY—Bloomingdale's is being sued for sex discrimination by a New Jersey woman who says that the store provides alterations on clothing free to men, but not to women.

Gaysweek

Albuquerque, NM—University of NM psychiatrist Richard Rada, who has been studying convicted rapists, has concluded that the rapists are generally motivated by "agression and the desire for dominance, control, and power." According to Rada, the rapist does not act primarily to release his sex desires, and is not generally a "sex fiend". Even where a variety of sexual activities are performed, agressiveness is more important than erotic experience.

Gaysweek

Philadelphia, PA—The Community Alliance of Philadelphia has announced a boycott of Coca-Cola. The organization of more than 30 businesses and gay civic leaders took the action because of the company's connection with Florida orange juice.

Gay Community News

Cambridge, MA—The Polaroid Foundation has given a $3000 grant for "service to lesbian mothers" to the Janus Counselling Association. Polaroid was the only company to respond favorably to the fundraising appeal. In its grant statement, Polaroid noted that it was "pleased to be able to participate with you in your efforts to provide a wide range of services for lesbian women."

Gay Community News

NYC, NY—Borough President-elect Andrew Stein has appointed openly gay Robert Mehl to the position of community liaison between his office and the Community Planning Boards. Mehl is on the board of directors of MCC-NYC, and a member of the Gay Rights National Lobby.

Gaysweek

Los Angeles, CA—Dave Kopay, gay football hero, has announced plans to manufacture a line of Dave Kopay sportswear. Carrying a "distinctive logo," the line will include running suits, shorts, and shirts, and will be available in the spring.

Gay Community News

One night, as I spoke after the discussion to a woman who had complained of a lack of sexual pleasure because her husband had refused to let her, from time to time, become the aggressor in their lovemaking, the husband himself showed up.

Pot-bellied from too much beer and pork, grizzly-jawed, and darkly malcontent, I still recognized the unsmiling June. My heart leapt and I accepted how happy I was to see him. I was about to say, "June, June, is that you? What are you doing here? This is incredible!" But I didn't have time.

He strode directly to his wife, ignoring me, took her by the arm and brought her away. I heard him say, "I told you I've got to get to work on time tonight. Don't know why you up here no way; ain't nothing but a bunch of women whining and complaining. And there's nobody to see to them complaints but some man.

"I'm learning to see to my complaints myself, June." She straightened her shoulders and jerked from his grasp. The gesture made me flash on that high school gym day, so long ago.

"This is the last time you're coming up here. You're getting beside yourself, woman. Pretty soon you'll be claiming you in love with one of these—"

Clearly insulted, she tore away from June, running out the door.

He started after her.

"June!" I called him, stopped him. "Don't you recognize me?" Even after overhearing their conversation, the joy of seeing him remained on my face.

Turning around, he took a backwards step as if to slip unnoticed into the angry recollections of his mind. "Vy?"

"Yes, it's me." I smiled in spite of the sorrowful ache I felt. How he had changed.

"Vy!" He grabbed me by the waist and whipped me into the air. "Vy, it's you, baby! It's really you!"

"Please, June, put me down." I looked about the lecture room for observers, but none were present. Everyone had gone. This was so much like that gym day just before the coach had come to swat June.

"Vy," he smiled all of his yesterday's joys. "Vy, Vy, Vy, You just don't know how good it is to see you! And you looking good, as good as Christmas pie, woman."

I couldn't believe him. He was not only glad to see me, but he was talking as if we were not in an altogether different time and, incredibly, a different place.

"What are you doing in California, June?" I managed to wriggle from his grasp.

"Moved here, two months ago."

"That small world business holds some water, doesn't it?"

"Same ol' Vy," he appraised. "Talking proper and sounding like a book. So you the nigger who been teaching my wife to make me fix my own lunch."

I laughed. "I'm one of the facilitators here. What we do is suggest alternatives to established roles and chores in heterosexual unions."

Not really following, he said, "Yeah, I can dig it. Well, whatever, she's sho nuff serious. I ain't had no thermos of gumbo since we left Alabama." He grinned, becoming old, magnetic June. "How long have you been out here, Vy?"

"Nearly five years. Before that I was in school and I taught for a while in Georgia."

"It's been almost ten years since we last seen each other, Vy?"

"Time has flown, June."

"You married?" His left eyebrow raised noticeably.

"You might say that. I'm with a woman who has two children, so our committment can't be feckless."

"Oh," he said sourly. "You're still like that, huh?"

"Like what?" I knew I was pushing him, but his bitterness had to show itself. I couldn't front with him down that "long-lost and cherished friend" avenue.

"How'd you put it? **Funny**. Yeah, are you still funny?"

"You might confuse a leopard with a cheetah, June, but neither will change its spots."

"Damn," he blew out a sigh of disgust, scratched his grizzle, and sized me up. "Sho is a waste of woman!"

"Nothing is lost in the translation, June. What's treasured by a man is not wasted by a woman." I had to say it.

"Well, look," he stepped back, almost leapt back, "I've got this here night shift to pull, but why don't you let me call you some time? We could talk about old times."

"Our old times?" I let him hear my doubts.

"The **good** old times," he said.

"No, I don't think so, June. I've got to stay abreast of these good new times."

He stuck his hands militantly into his pockets; he seemed to pout. Then a sneer broke his boyish veneer. "You with a lady, huh?"

"Yes."

"And you don't think it's no chance for you and me to pick up and fix up where we left off?"

"June, I'm committed. You're married."

For moments we stood looking at one another, unable to change a length of the past, unable to edit an iota of the present.

A car horn honked loudly, persisted a moment. It was his wife, grown impatient.

"How long you been with your lady?"

"Since June."

"Of last year?"

I nodded.

He made a face that attempted disapproval, but it lapsed into off-handed acceptance. "You know something, Vy?" He had started away.

"What?"

"That's funny."

I watched him go, knowing he was right.



S. Diane Bogus is a poet-writer living in California. She has had work in **Aim Poetry Today**, **Hyacinths & Biscuits**, **Essence**, **Space & Time**, **The Diversifier**, and various anthologies. She is the author of two books of poetry, **I'm Off to See the Goddamn Wizard, Alright!** (1971) and **Woman in the Moon** (1977). Both books are available through the author or her publisher, Soap Box Publishing, Box 737-A, Stamford, Conn. 06904.

HERE & THERE

London, U.K.—The Court of Criminal Appeal will hear the **Gay News** blasphemy appeal on February 13, and has set aside four days for the hearing. Meanwhile, almost one hundred forty public figures have signed a petition deploring the conviction of **Gay News** and its editor on charges of blasphemy.

Gay News

Atlanta, GA—The Center for Disease Control says that a new type of gonorrhea which is not curable with penicillin has now spread to nineteen countries. The resistant strain of gonorrhea has also been identified in 26 states in the U.S. where 228 confirmed cases have occured since the first infection came to the attention of medical authorities in March of 1976. Representatives of the Center are optimistic that the new strain, while remaining a problem, will not become a major health concern in the U.S.

United Press International

Montgomery, AL—A federal judge here has dismissed a suit filed by Marie Von Hoffburg which sought her reinstatement into the Army. She was discharged in July because of her marriage to a former WAC, who testified that she is a transsexual. District Judge Robert Varner dismissed the appeal without prejudice, explaining that Hoffburg had not yet exhausted all possible avenues of appeal within the U.S. Army.

United Press International

Boston, MA—The Massechusetts Supreme Judicial Court has ruled that the state law against prostitution and common nightwalking is constitutional, and that it applies equally to men and women. Defendants in a suit brought against the law had claimed that the law was vague, constituted an invasion of privacy, and did not provide equal protection for men and women.

Gay Community News

NYC, NY—Bantam Books has just issued paperback edition of Charles issued a paperback edition of Charles Reich's **The Sorcerer of Bolinas' Reef**, printed in hardcover in 1977. The book is a poignant explanation of the new consciousness of the 60s and of Reich's coming to grips with his own gayness. It was written in San Francisco after Reich left Yale. His earlier book, **The Greening of America**, has over 2.6 million copies in print.

Press Release

Chicago, Ill—In late December the Chicago City Council passed an ordinance controlling condominia which also contains an amendment banning discrimination in condominium sales on the basis of "sexual preference". The amendment marks the first time that the City Council has dealt with the issue of anti-gay discrimination.

Gaylife

NYC, NY—In response to a controversy surrounding a **Village Voice** headline appearing in November which read: "The Coast Is Queer", the weekly paper issued the following statement: "Any word taken out of context loses meaning, and it was certainly not our intention to give gratuitous offense to individuals or groups. Any offense given was inadvertant and we apologize." The headline originally appeared for a story on gay seagulls (reported in the January issue of GPU NEWS).

Village Voice

Vatican City—The official Vatican newspaper quotes church officials as saying that "they are not deceived by women's liberation. Women can be neither free nor happy in the frictions of professional and commercial life." The newspaper goes on to suggest that a woman is still best at "playing wife and mother," and that her home is the "nest in which she can preserve herself."

L'osservatore Romano

Boulder, CO—Woman's Institute for Alternative Psychotherapy has now closed its office in this city, since it received no government funding this year. In the absence of government funding, there will be no WIAP convention this year, and the plans for a degree-granting psychology program have also been dropped.

Big Mamma Rag

Dallas, TX—A gay school teacher's private life does not reflect on his/her ability to teach, a teachers' organization here said. **Classroom Teachers of Dallas (CTD)** executive director Herb Cooke, and president Ada Williams, took exception to statements made by school superintendent Nolan Estes that any teacher or employee found to be gay "has no place in the Dallas school district staff."

United Press International

New York, NY—The Gay Switchboard of NYC has begun a major fund-raising effort. The group is beginning a sponsors and patrons roster in an effort to keep itself in operation. For $25 a year a business or individual can be a sponsor, for $100 a year a patron. According to the Switchboard Fundraising Committee, over 75% of its calls are for referrals to gay businesses or services. To donate, or for more information, contact: Gay Switchboard of New York, Inc., 110 East 23rd St., Suite 502, NYC, NY 10010. Phone (212) 777-1800.

Press Release

Tucson, AZ—An Illinois man who turned himself over to law officials in Tucson in November was sentenced to five to ten years in prison in Superior Court. Robert E. Simpson, 27, told the judge that he beat Frank A. Zedar to death in August, 1974, because the young music student had made homosexual advances to him. Simpson noted that he had been tormented for three years by the memory of the slaying.

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HERE & THERE

Davenport, IA—Two men parked in a car were "kissing each other furiously, seemingly in deep passion," according to a police report. The report goes on to describe in graphic detail how policemen observed the men in other homosexual activities for several minutes. One was a school principal, and the other was a personnel man for a large Quad-city manufacturer (names were **not** supplied by the local press). They were both arrested and charged with indecent conduct. Associate District Court Judge Phillip Steffen dismissed those charges, but fined the man $100 each for loud muffler (silencer) violations.

Quad-City Times

NYC, NY—A recent survey of psychiatrists indicated that an overwhelming majority of them still believe that homosexuals are "sick," despite the 1974 declaration of the American Psychiatric Association to the contrary. In a poll published in the November 1977 issue of **Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality**, 69% responded affirmatively to the question whether homosexuality is a pathological adaptation as opposed to a normal variation. 18% said no, and 13% were uncertain.

Press Release

USSR—Russian film director Sergei Paradzhanov, sent to a labour camp in 1973 for being a homosexual, has been freed one year before the completion of his sentence. Paradzhanov was kept, according to Amnesty International reports, on a regimen of manual labour and starvation diet in Mordovia. One month before his release, Italian MP Angelo Pezzana called a press conference in Moscow to protest his imprisonment.

Gay News (London)

NYC, NY—Twenty-four scholars working to take sexism out of the Bible have decided that God will remain male. According to William Holliday, one of the scholars working on the **Revised Standard Version of the Bible**, only "secondary sexism will be eliminated.

Gaysweek

Kansas City, MO—Leaders here say that the Missouri Legislature's anti-ERA stand has cost Kansas City an estimated $1.1 million in convention business. They add that they will ask the state to help make up the loss. Four major conventions slated for Kansas City have been moved to pro-ERA states because of a nationwide boycott of anti-ERA states sponsored by the **National Organization for Women.**

United Press International

Minneapolis, MN—The Minneapolis Supreme Court has ruled that the state's Department of Public Welfare cannot catagorically exclude transsexual surgery from coverage under its Medicaid Program. In a similar case in 1977, the Federal District Court in Georgia (Rush vs. Parham et al.) enjoined Georgia's medicaid agency from applying all portions to the state Medicaid plan which denied benefits for transsexual surgery.

United Press International

Mexico City, MX—"Rampant homosexuality" was one of several charges brought against U.S. prisons by a group of Mexican prisoners returning from U.S. prisons to serve out their time in Mexico. Thirty-six Mexicans were repatriated in order to allow 234 Americans to move from Mexico to U.S. prisons. "Homosexuality is rampant in that country", noted prisoner Enrique Granados. "There are no conjugal visits like we have here. I knew somebody who hadn't seen a woman in nine years."

Gaysweek

Seattle, WA—The Gay Community Center here has started a program to help young hustlers find an alternative to prostitution. **The Youth Intervention Project** is headed by a trained psychologist whose past work has been with drug and child abuse programs.

Seattle Gay News



"Knock it off, you two. . .I'm trying to turn this place into a gay bar"

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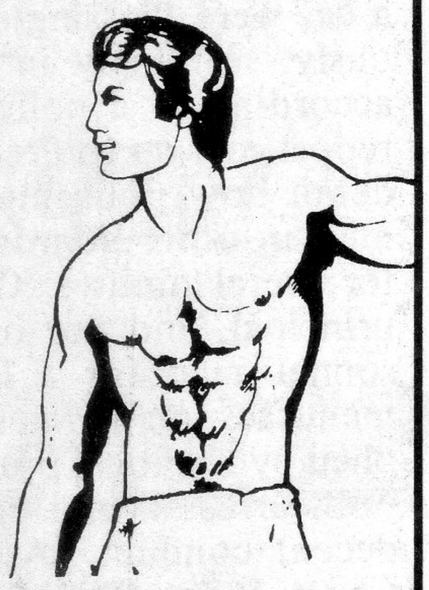
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REVIEW

Sex, Crime, and The Law by D.E.J. MacNamara & Edward Sagarin, Free Press (Macmillan), New York, 1977. $12.95.

This is a fine book if one can get past the jacket blurbs, which claim it is the first comprehensive look at social and legal problems of sex crime in the U.S. in two decades (which it isn't), and that it supplies "a coherent frame of reference for understanding the current sex laws in the United States"—which of course it can't, since it's quite impossible to supply coherent frames for incoherent pictures.

Knowing what it isn't can assist one to appreciate what it is. Something else it isn't is a state-by-state survey of changes in the law. What it is amounts to a summary attempt to catch the general direction of legal changes, some sociological explanations of how and why these changes are taking place, and some tentative recommendations for future changes.

The opening chapter centers around definitional problems—the meaning of "sex crime", "public", criteria of motivation, etc. Cross-cultural evidence is also brought to bear at various junctures, but the typology of sex crimes is, at the authors concede, ultimately a rather vagrant affair. Individual laws leave much unsaid by way of characterization and separation; and court decisions, varying from one jurisdiction to the next, are not necessarily consistant over time even within a given jurisdiction.

Chapters two through six deal respectively with forcible rape, sex between adults and minors, prostitution, homosexuality, and offenses against the public order. Chapter seven deals with activities on the periphery of crime, (fornication, adultery, cohabitation, etc.), the penultimate chapter with the question of pornography, and finally a closing summary capped with some recommendations for reform.

The chapter on homosexuality takes up such problems as solicitation, prostitution, and homosexual rape. The conclusion is that laws against private gay sex are both unenforced and unenforceable. This, according to the authors, is one fine reason for junking such laws. Decriminalization, the authors note, will not solve the problem of public acceptance; for destigmatization of gays requires public education, progress on which is presently being made.

In the closing paragraphs of the chapter on homosexuality, the authors toy in a noncommittal fashion with the suggestion of some sociologists that the problem of homosexuality can be resolved by learning the causes of homosexuality, and eliminating these. Once upon a time these same sociologists were talking about eliminating the causes of crime

MR. RIC'S

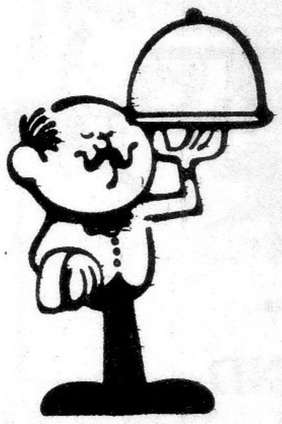
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("treatment, not punishment," as the saying went). The net effect of that suggestion's implementation was that it kept many sociologists and social workers off the bread-line; but their presence in the prisons did not, alas, reduce the crime rate. So talk about eliminating causes has become somewhat out of fashion these days, and the authors are wise to mention such considerations only in closing.

The general recommendations of the closing chapter can be capsulized neatly: reform the law in such a way that it is in tune with contemporary mores. The presence of laws which are unenforced, unenforceable, and which no longer codify the general public attitudes toward acceptable sexual activities has only the effect of bringing the entire framework of the law into disrepute. Jeremy Bentham and John Stuart Mill said much the same thing in slightly plainer language in the nineteenth century, but the fact that legislators still haven't learned the lesson surely makes it ripe for the repetition in this context.

The chapter on pornography perhaps typifies the book to the greatest degree. It offers nothing that is not contained elsewhere, and fails to offer much that is contained in greater detail in longer and more comprehensive studies. It's useful to have major points gathered together under one roof, however, and no less useful to see various legal and social points interlocking within the different chapters.

The selected bibliography which ends the book is not particularly up to date, but it does contain the standard references published in the sixties. The journal literature is slighted here, though the notes to the individual chapters take up some of the slack. My own guess is that someone's research assistant did the bibliographical and reference work, since there are some surprising things left out of consideration, and some rather silly mistakes – gay readers will be amused to learn that the **Advocate** is published in New York (perhaps New York gays will be disgusted at the thought, however.)

The verdict, accordingly, is that this is a useful book in the survey category. It is no substitute, to the professional at least, for the **Sexual-awreporter** or the other periodical sources which provide detailed summaries of where we're going; but, for those seeking the general lay of the land without geographical detail, it surely offers the maximum information within the minimum compass, and is without doubt more readable than most other sources of its kind.

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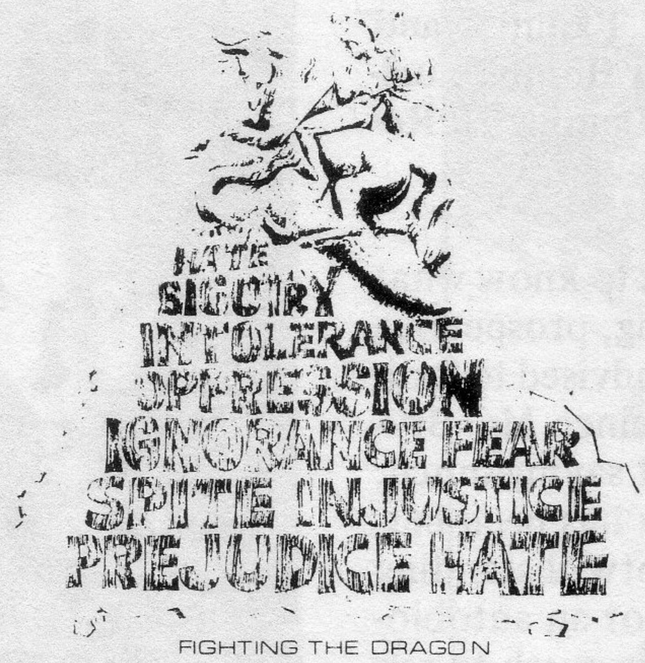
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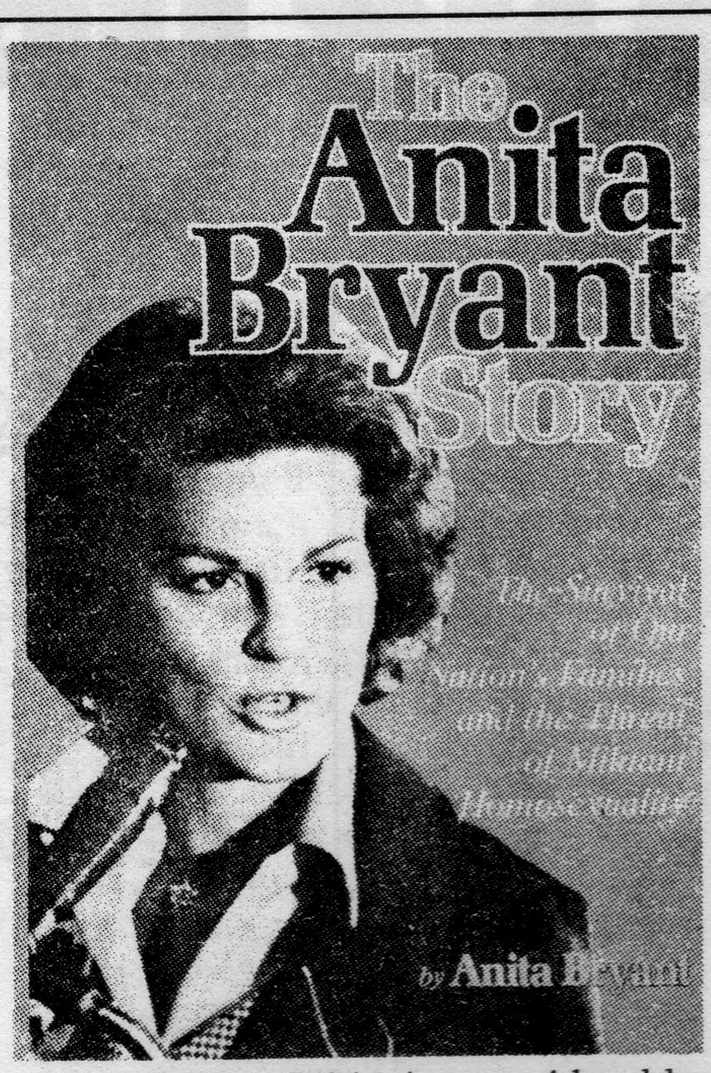
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REVIEW

The Anita Bryant Story: The Survival of our Nation's Families and The Threat of Militant Homosexuality by Anita Bryant, Fleming H. Revel, New Jersey, 1977. $6.95.

Though it is important to know what the opposition is saying, prospective readers would be well advised to look and shop elsewhere; since Ms. Bryant, at least here, is not saying much, and what she does say has been better said by others. Notwithstanding its title, the book is **not** an autobiography, **nor** does it have much to say about American families, and even less to say about "militant" gays. It is essentially a series of reflections on the Dade County Referendum and Bryant's part therein: nothing more, nothing less.

Bryant claims that, though she saw a great threat to christian morals in the prospect of gay rights legislation, she was unwilling at first to enter the opposition ranks **because she is a woman**. Her pastor told her to read the Old Testament "Deborah's Song", which, she says, "immediately became a song of praise **for me**" (Deborah was a woman and a warrior). The "Song of Deborah" is considered to be one of the oldest pieces of scripture, well known to any student who has done any Bible study; so Bryant's admission that she was not familiar with it until her pastor recommended it places her subsequent claims of deep familiar-



ity with the Bible in considerable doubt. The other "anti-gay" passages cited are also poorly chosen in general. Not that there are not a good number of anti-gay passages strewn throughout the Old Testament especially, but Ms. Bryant seems to pass these over in favor of others whose interpretation is dubious at best. Her score in the Bible department: D–.

The noun "homosexual" is always followed by the pronoun "he". "I love the homosexual enough not to allow **him** to assert for **himself** a lifestyle that the Bible teaches is a perversion and will destroy **him**." No equal billing for women here. Lesbians are mentioned in only three passages, in one of which Bryant notes in passing that all feminists are really lesbians in disguise. So much for the ERA.

Bryant also makes some semi-authoritative statements on homosexuality. "The reason (people are homosexual) is difficult to understand, you cannot pinpoint sin under a microscope or isolate it in some lab." "Homosexual" is almost always qualified with "militant", but if there are nonmilitant gays Ms. Bryant doesn't say so. If there are women who are gay, she doesn't seem to care; and, at several junctures, she fully botches the distinction between homosexual acts and homosexuality as a disposition. So much for the legacy of patriarchy.

Bryant continually quotes from her supporters, none of whom are experts or scriptural scholars and all of whom are male. Max Rafferty is a popular source, and some of the arguments cited from him are so simplistically fallacious even in form that a highschool freshman would have little difficulty putting them to rest. There are so many declaring themselves to be God's chosen people throughout the book that one wonders whether there are any whom **He** (God is irrevocably male here) did not choose – except of course for militant homosexuals.

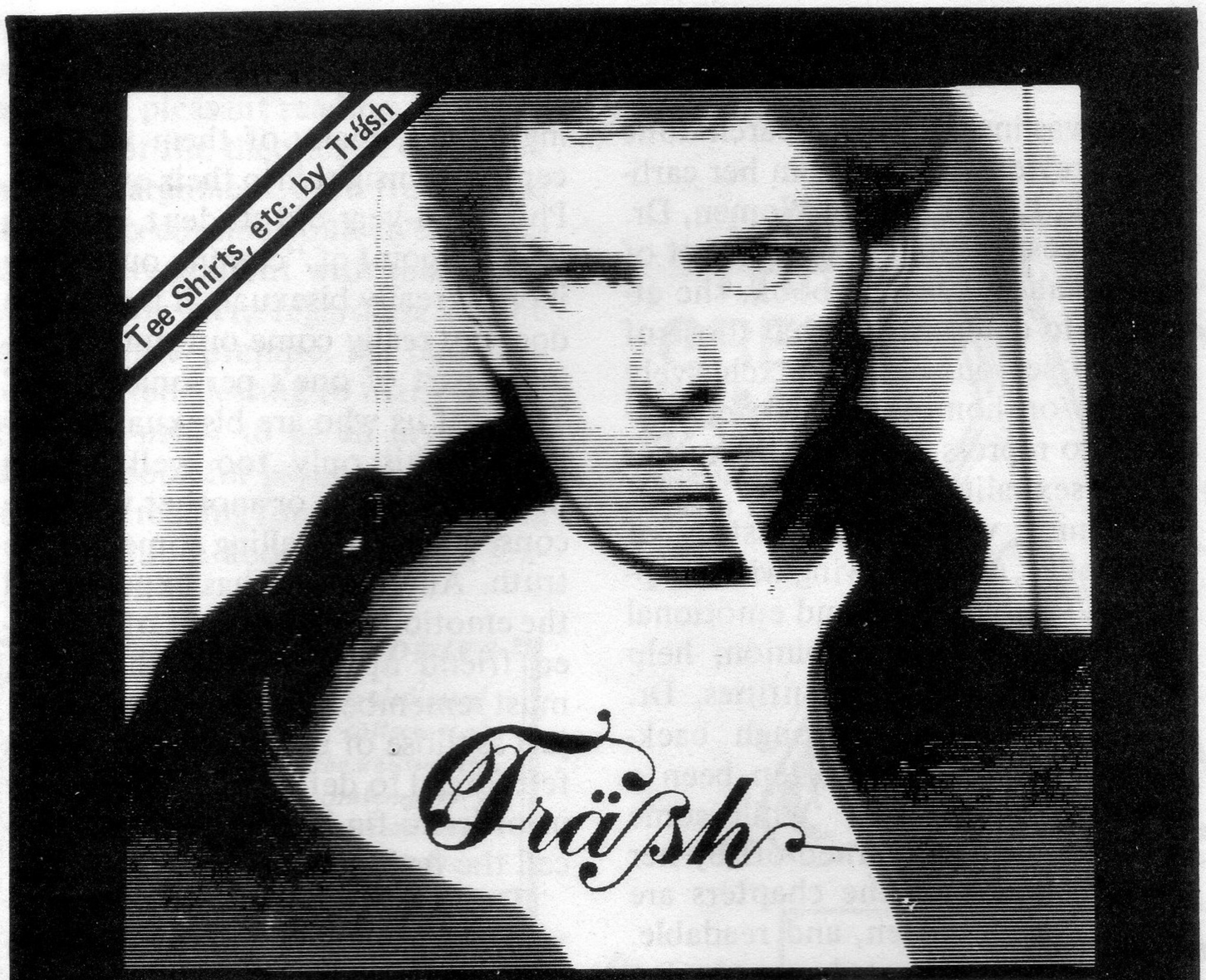
Redeeming qualities: one only – Bryant is sincere in her convictions and in her religious utterances, which is probably more than can be said for many of the self-appointed demagogues of the fundamentalist movement for whom religious utterance is little more than a means of prying money from the gullible (vast sums of money, one must add). All that this proves is that sincerity and conviction will not add one whit to ill-conceived arguments backed with nonexistent facts. To some extent however, than rage. What Bryant has to offer constitutes a sad and dismal commentary on our educational system as a whole.

The publisher, Fleming H. Revell, has prepared the reader for what lies within by misspelling "erupted" right on the book's jacket. There are books written from within the fundamentalist persuasion which offer a modicum of reasoned argument and at least some Biblical evidence for their views. Unhappily, this is not one of them.

(Editor's Note: a discussion article centering on both Bryant's book and her recent activities will be presented in our March issue.)

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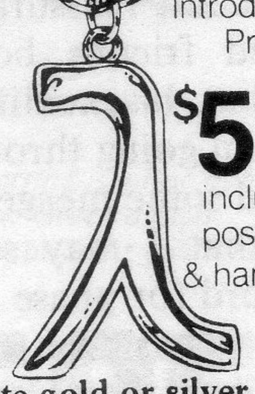
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REVIEW

Bisexuality: A Study by Charlotte Wolff, Quartet Books, London. Distributed by Horizon Press, 156 Fifth Ave., New York 10010, 1977, 246 pp., $12.95.

Reviewed by Cathy Gardner

For the past five years, I have endured constant reassurance by well-intentioned friends both gay and straight that bisexuality is "just a phase" I am going through. While I should find some meager comfort in the fact that I may soon break a world record for phase duration, on the whole it has been a difficult situation. There have been few who seem able to take my lifestyle seriously, and at times even I have had cause to doubt its viability. So, it was with delight that I discovered Dr. Charlotte Wolff's new book.

Dr. Wolff holds a degree from Berlin University, and is a pioneer in the field of sexological research. She has written several highly-praised books on sexuality, and this, her newest work, was inspired by research done for a previous book. As in her earlier book, **Love Between Women**, Dr. Wolff sees bisexuality as the root of all sexuality. In this book, she attempts to demonstrate that those of us who see ourselves as exclusively hetero- or homosexual are conditioned to repress one part or another of our sexuality.

Opening with a brief history of bisexuality, and following with chapters on the biological and emotional factors that, in her opinion, help establish our sexual identities, Dr. Wolff gives us a thorough background on what has often been a controversial subject. While some of us may be a bit turned off by her clinical approach, the chapters are concise, well-written, and readable.

To further illustrate her study, Dr. Wolff uses a section of interviews and autobiographical documents. The interviews add a dimension to the book that statistics fail to do. The subjects become thinking, feeling beings, many of them with exceptional insight into their own lives. Phil, a 24-year-old student, makes a definite point of "coming out as gay if one is really bisexual. It is as if one does not really come out; one is hiding a part of one's personality. . ." Those of us who are bisexual can relate to this only too well, having dealt at one time or another with the consequences of telling someone the truth. Anyone who has experienced the emotional withdrawal of a trusted friend upon learning the truth, must remember the feeling of loss—just as those of us who have at times felt forced to define ourselves as gay in order to find acceptance must recall the feeling of self-betrayal.

The autobiographies are unusually well-written, with great depth of feeling. The first series, a group of excerpts from the diaries of Ingrid, Adrian and Celestine (all involved with one another), is a sensual, dreamily erotic sequence that leaves the reader wanting more. Most of



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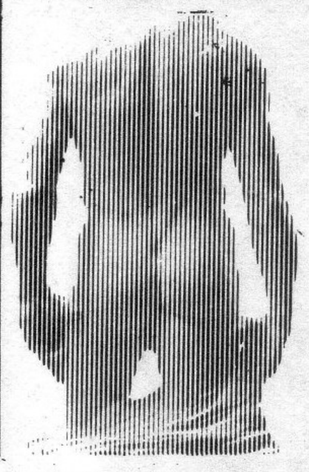
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the subjects seem especially adept at expressing themselves, and this chapter makes pleasant reading.

Some of the theories in this book may bear argument, even from those of us who consider ourselves bisexual, and are content with that definition. However, regardless of the validity of its premise, the book is a long-awaited blessing to many of us. It should prove to be an invaluable resource book for psychologists, and necessary reading for anyone seeking to know more about their own sexuality.

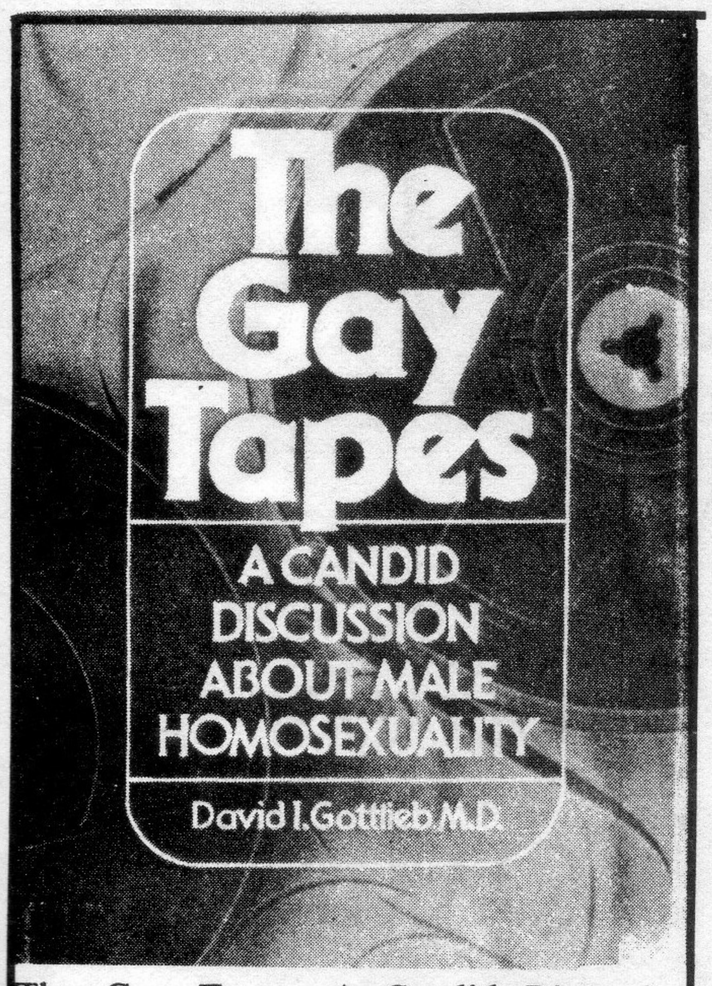
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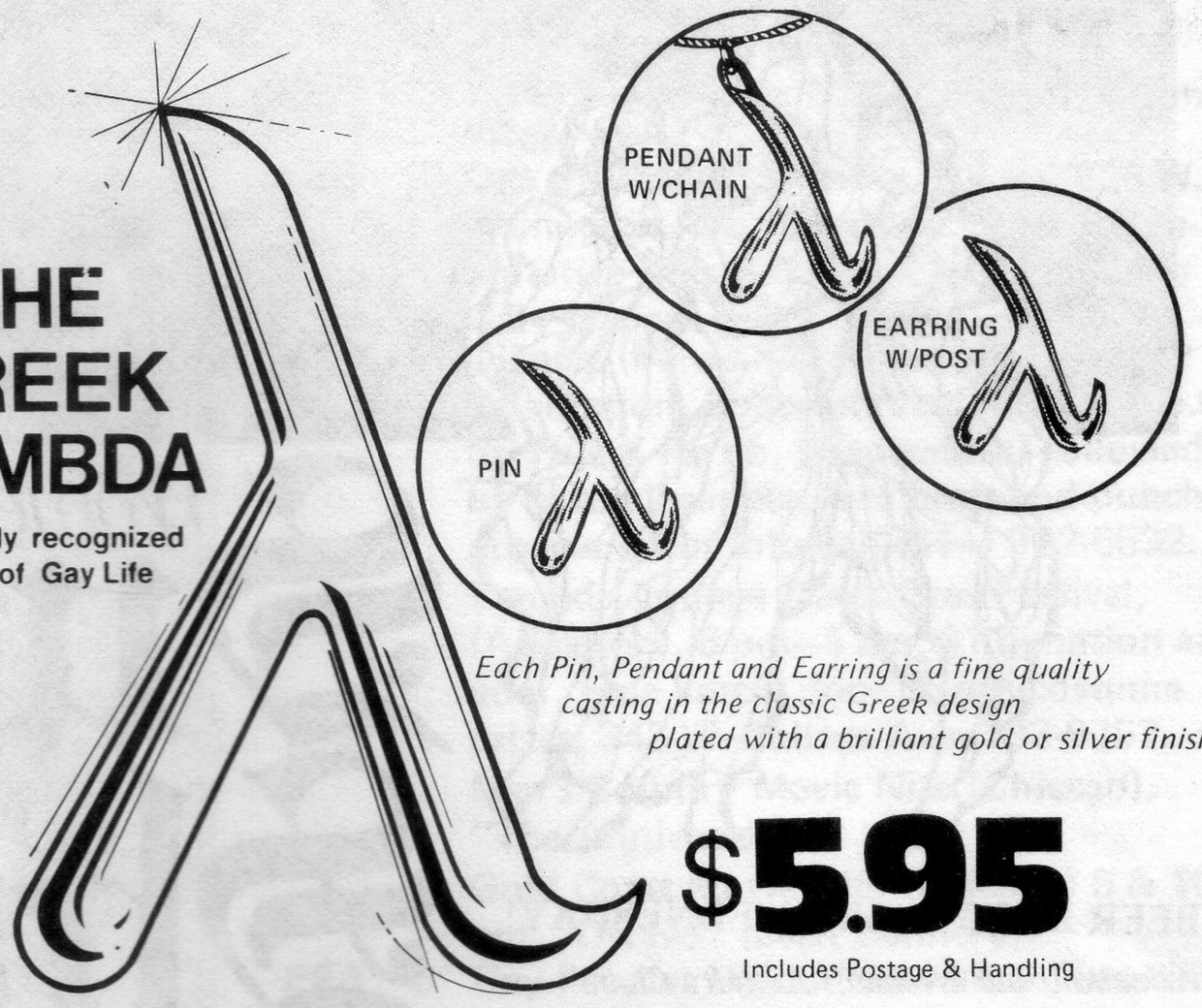
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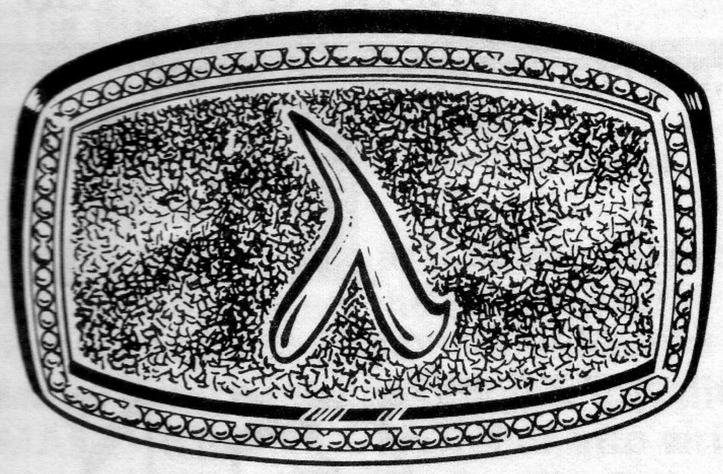
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FEB 2 Little Jim's Movie Nite (Chicago), 9 p.m. "Rose Marie."

FEB 3 One of Chicago Meeting, 8 p.m., 615 W. Wellington Ave., Speakers: State Representative Ellis B. Levin & gay candidate Gary Nepon.

FEB 5 Dignity (Milwaukee) Third Anniversary Celebration, Concelebrated Mass at 5 p.m St. Pius X Parish, (Wauwatosa) followed by potluck supper, free brats and punch provided. For info call (414) 962-6532.
Lambda Lounge Mardi Gras Festival, (Appleton), 5 pm—1 am, $1 donation at door. Free lunch, door prizes, costume prizes. 343 W. College Ave, 733-9757.
Man's Country Movie Nite (Chicago), "The Anniversary."
Gold Coast Movie Nite (Chicago) 5 & 10 pm, "Dr. No" (Sean Connery).

FEB 6 Gay Peoples Union (Milwaukee) meeting, 8 pm, The Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell, election of officers.

FEB 9 Little Jim's Movie Nite (Chicago), 9 pm, "Too Many Girls", (Lucille Ball).

FEB 12 Gold Coast Movie Nite (Chicago), 5 & 10 pm, "The Towering Inferno."
Man's Country Movie Nite (Chicago), "The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom."

FEB 14 Grand Opening Broadway Health Club, (Milwaukee) 158 N. Broadway.

FEB 15 Man's Country Movie Nite (Chicago), "Nasty Habits."

FEB 16 Little Jim's Movie Nite (Chicago), 9 pm., "Andy Hardy Meets the Debutante."

FEB 17 First Great Lakes Regional Conference of Men's Alliance for Liberation & Equality [MALE] (Oberlin, Ohio). For info write MALE, Mailroom 1998, Oberlin College, Oberlin, OH 44074 or call (216) 775-5821

FEB 18 Fox Valley Gay Association (Algonquin, IL), Valentine Party, World Gymnastic Gym, Write Box 393, Elgin, Il 60120 or call 888-1588.

FEB 19 Gold Coast Movie Nite (Chicago) 5 & 10 pm., "Dirty Harry" (Clint Eastwood).
Man's Country Movie Nite (Chicago), "Laura".

FEB 20 Gay Peoples Union (Milwaukee) meeting.

FEB 23 Little Jim's Movie Nite (Chicago), 9 pm "Lady Be Good", (Eleanor Powell).

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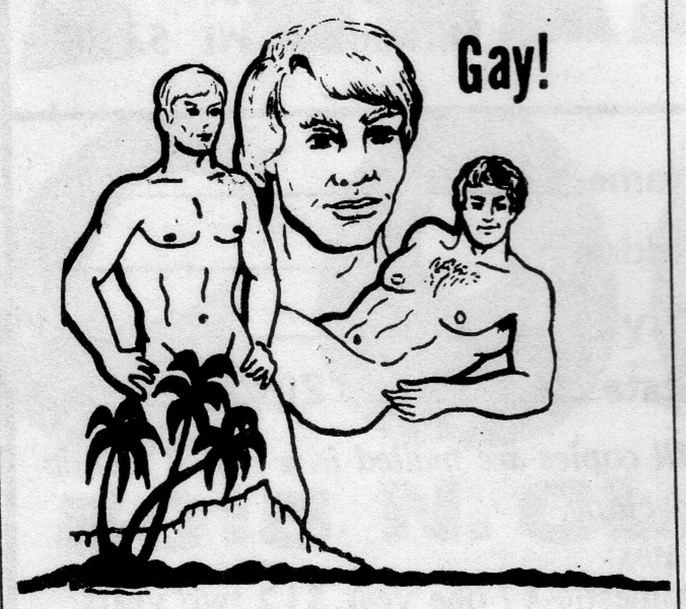
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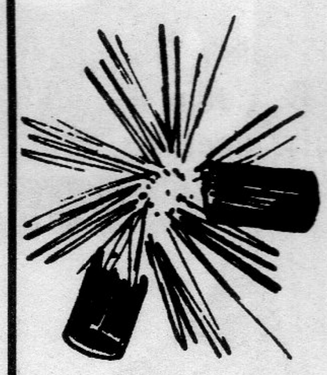
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FABULOUS SIDEBOARD RESTAURANT
Serving Dinners and Sandwiches 'til 11 P.M.
SUNDAY BRUNCH 1 - 5:00 P.M.

Wynee at the piano
Organ music by Gary
Vocals by Gerry Perry

DANCING

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT

Tuesday	9:00 - 1:00 P.M.
Thursday	9:00 - 1.00 P.M.
Sunday	7:30 - 11:00 P.M.



M & M

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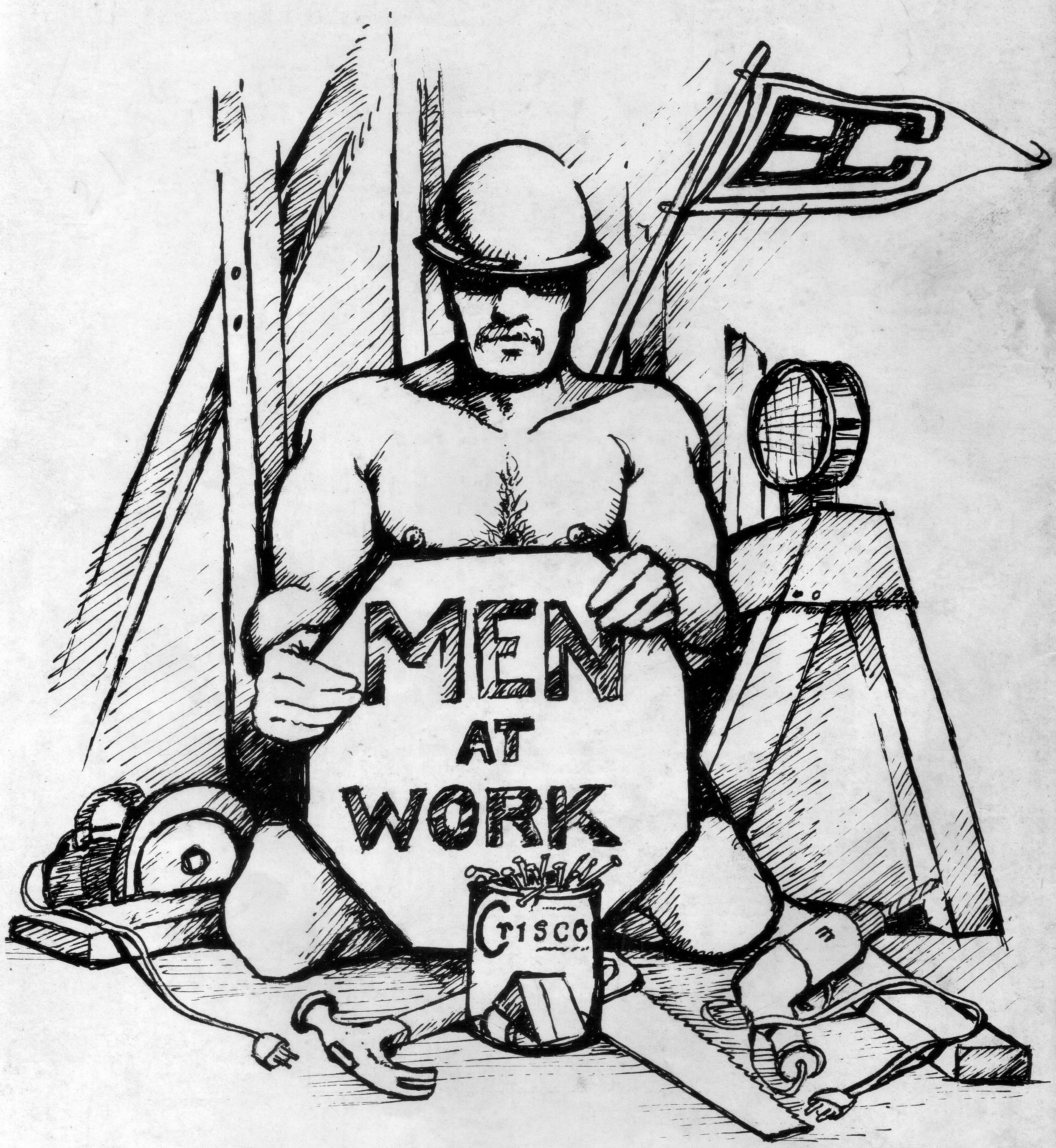
124 N. WATER STREET

HOURS

Monday - Friday	*2 P.M. - 2 A.M.*
Saturday & Sunday	*1 P.M. - Closing*

(On the corner of Water and Erie)
Phone 347 - 9662

DOUBLE BUBBLE
Monday - Friday 5 - 7:00 P.M.
Tuesday - BEER NIGHT



20 Additional Rooms and More!

OPEN THROUGHOUT CONSTRUCTION

Phone 276 - 0246
704 - A West Wisconsin Avenue

CLUB BATHS MILWAUKEE

(Rear Entrance
Always Open - Members Only